

# SAM'N' HENRY



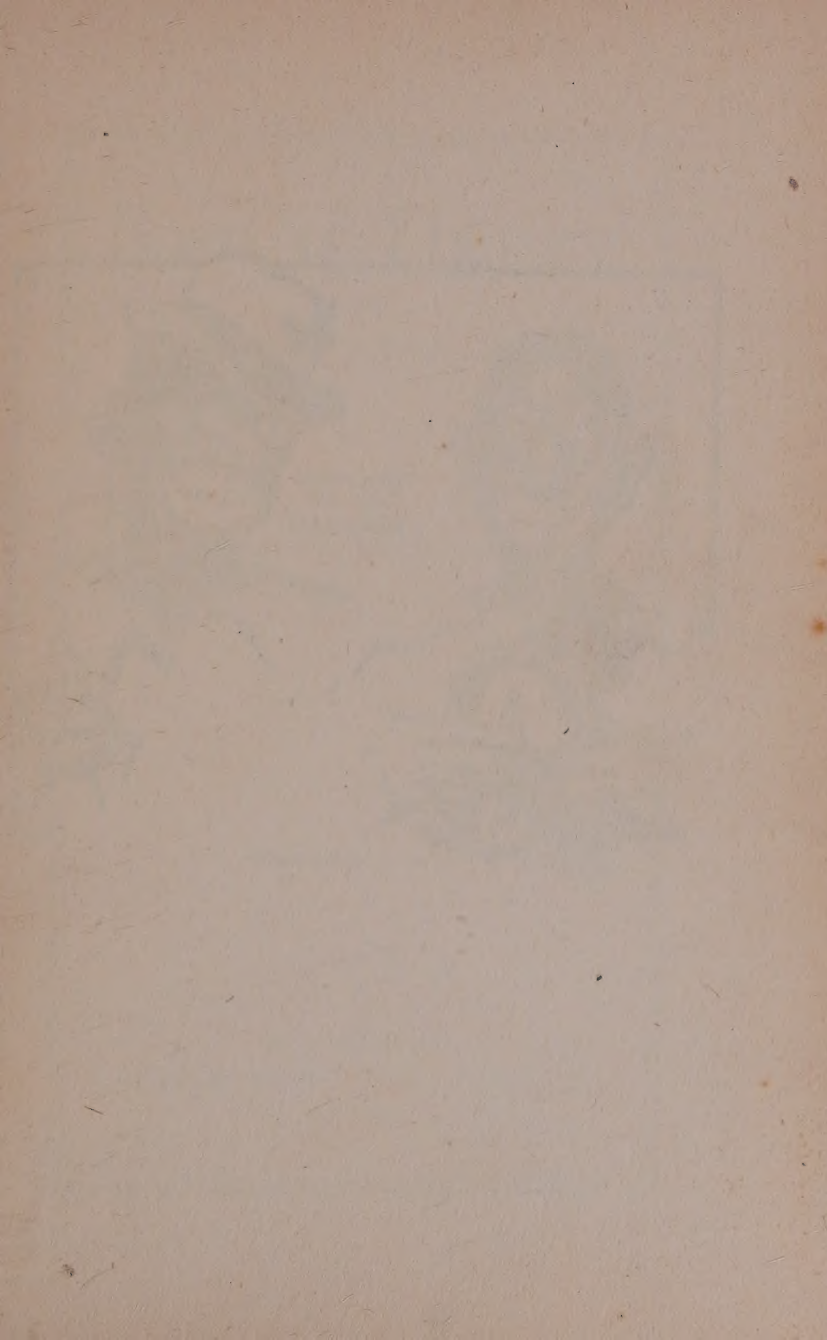
To Wayne Myers  
Our Radio buddy  
With best wishes.

Sincerely  
~~Bob~~

Correll & Henry  
Sam  
W.G.N.









# Sam 'n' Henry

BY

CORRELL AND GOSDEN

ILLUSTRATED BY SAMUEL JAY SMITH

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## *Foreword*

Dear Reader:

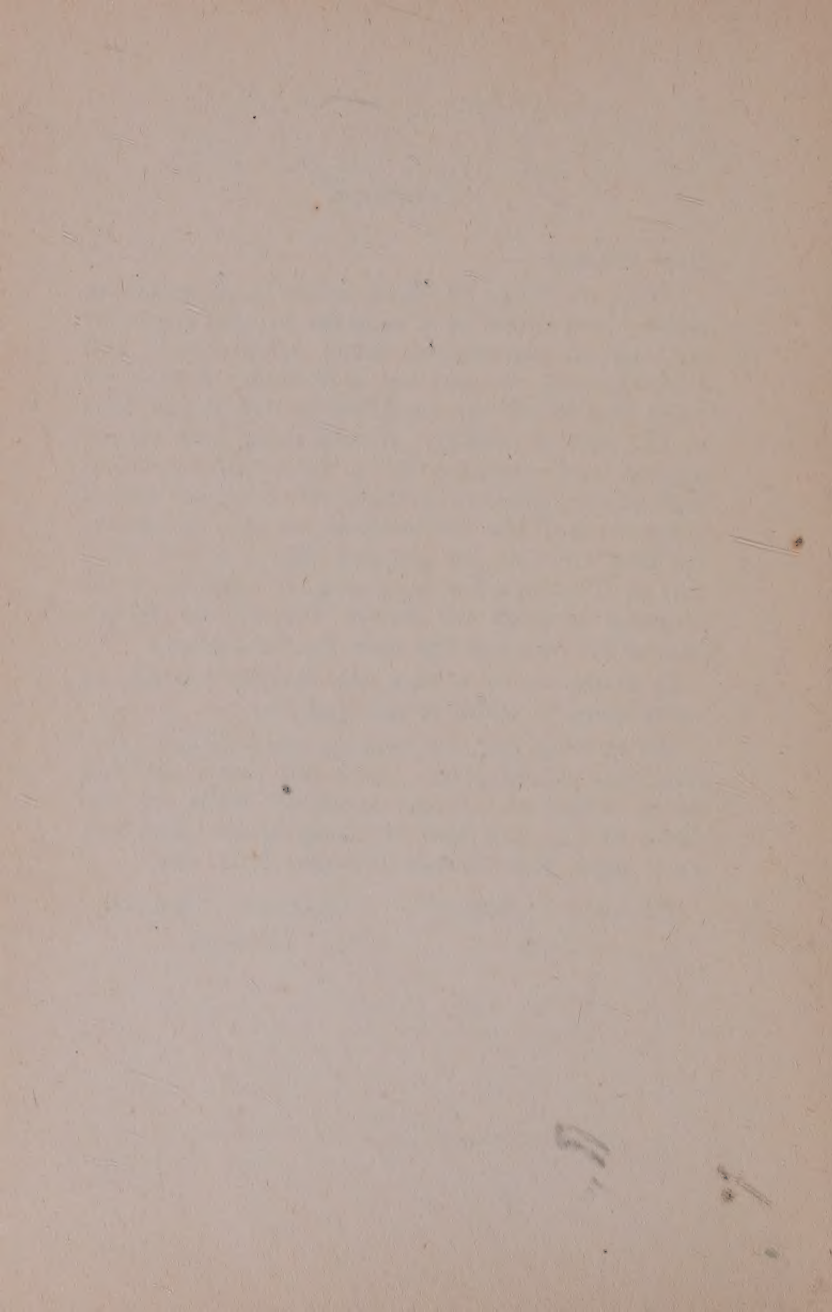
When we began to think seriously of gathering between the covers of a book the printed record of our mutual adventures, loves, achievements and misdemeanors, we sent out and bought a batch of books just to get the low-down on how it was done by the best of authors. Almost every book we examined was preceded by a foreword, sometimes high-hattily called a preface, wherein the author acknowledged his indebtedness to Mr. So-and-So, for help received, his grateful thanks to Mr. This-One or That-One for permission to reprint, or his undying affection for Messrs. Whosit and Whatsisname for boosting him over the tight places.

It seems to be a nice old English custom, so we're going to follow it here and now.

We've only got one debt to acknowledge (Birmingham papers please copy) but that's one that we're proud of. Please stand by while we rise (both of us), and bow fervently to our good and great papa, The Chicago Tribune. (OH, oh!)

FREEMAN F. GOSDEN  
(SAM)

CHARLES J. CORRELL  
(HENRY)



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## Leaving Birmingham—Chicago Bound

*Sam 'n' Henry decide to leave their home in Birmingham, Alabama, and venture to Chicago in search of more profitable work. So now we meet Sam 'n' Henry riding on the buckboard of a wagon drawn by a mule, enroute to the depot for their journey North.*

*Sam.* Henry, did you evah see a mule as slow as dis one?

*Henry.* Oh, dis mule is fas' enough. We gonna git to de depot alright.

*Sam.* You know dat Chicago train don't wait fo' nobody—it jes' goes on—jes' stops and goes right on.

*Henry.* Well, we ain't got but two mo' blocks to go—don't be so 'patient, don't be so 'patient.

*Sam.* I hope dey got fastah mules dan dis up in Chicago.

*Henry.* You know some o' de boys said dey was goin' to be down dere to de depot to tell us go'bye and take dis mule back.

*Sam.* Not only some o' de boys—but 'Liza goin' to be down dere too—and she's gonna kiss me go'bye she said. You know, Henry, I kin'-a hate to leave dat dere gal.

*Henry.* Dere you go—wimmen on de brain—how we gonna evah be millionaires in Chicago when you always talkin' 'bout wimmen?

*Sam.* I ain't talkin' 'bout 'em, Henry—I jes' kin'-a hates to leave 'Liza 'cause I'se fond o' her.

*Henry.* Come on now, heah's de depot heah—pull dat mule ovah heah to de lef'.

*Sam.* Henry, yo' bettah take a good look at dis

town 'cause we gonna leave it in a few minutes. Whoa, mule, whoa.

*Henry.* Dat's de on'y word dat mule listens to—dat whoa sign—dat stops him right whar he is.

*Sam.* Look heah Henry—dere's de whole crowd o' boys and gals dere waitin' fo' us.

*Henry.* Don't go down dere now and staht messin' wid dem—go on in dere and buy dem tickets.

*Sam.* Hello dere 'Liza—Henry and me is goin' in and git dese heah tickets. Bring de boys up heah by dis heah mule and wait fo' us 'til we come out o' de depot.

*Henry.* Come on now—let's go in heah and git dese heah tickets—dere's Mistah Johnson sellin' tickets—you know him, Sam.

*Sam.* Hello, Mistah Johnson, how is you all to-day? Henry 'n' me is goin' to Chicago.

*Mr. Johnson.* Do you boys want two tickets to Chicago?

*Henry.* We don't skip it. Give de man de money, Sam.

*Sam.* How much do dese tickets cost, Mistah Johnson?

*Mr. Johnson.* They are \$23.72 each—that will be \$47.44 for the two tickets.

*Henry.* Boy, we spendin' all de money we got fo' dese tickets—and dat's jes' gittin' us to Chicago, you know. You ain't gittin' no shoes, fo' dis money—you ain't gittin' no hats—you ain't gittin' nothin'—jes' on'y a ride, dat's all.

*Sam.* Dawg-gone if you ain't right Henry—dat's a lot o' money jes' to be ridin' some place.

*Mr. Johnson.* What are you boys doing going to Chicago?

*Sam.* We goin' up dere to wuk fo' a contractor, Mr. Johnson.



*Henry.* W'y don't you show de man de lettah we got—show de man de lettah.

*Sam.* Heah's de lettah I got, Mr. Johnson—I'll read you part of it.

*Henry.* Read de man de whole lettah—don't read him no part of it—read de man de whole lettah.

*Sam.* Here it is Mr. Johnson—it says Mr. Sam Smith—Dear Mr. Smith—Our Southern rep'sentative, Mr. Mathews, handed us yo' name statin' dat you would be willin' to come to Chicago and wuk for our comp'ny durin' de restruction of sev'al buildin's now bein' 'rected in Chicago. Please repo't to our Mr. McCarthy, who is now in charge of employment on de new skyscraper under restruction in de loop and he will assign you to yo' wuk. 'Pon yo' 'rival in Chicago, phone our office, State 7264, and we will tell you whar you kin fin' Mr. McCarthy at that time. 'Range to leave Bummin'ham as soon as possible. Yo's ve'y truly—de Chicago Construction Co.

*Mr. Johnson.* Well, that's fine boys—good luck to you.

*Henry.* We ain't gonna have no luck—I can see dat—'cause Sam ain't lucky and I'se wid him and I guess all dat bad luck's gonna come to us too.

*Mr. Johnson.* Well, here comes your train now, boys—you better run up there and get a good seat because you've got a long ride ahead of you.

*Sam.* I gotta tell 'Liza go' bye.

*Henry.* Go on now boy we ain't got much time—tell dat gang o' boys go'bye—de on'y reason dey hate to see you go is 'cause dey kain't take all yo' money on Sat'dy night.

*Sam.* Go'bye 'Liza—write to me 'Liza—I'm gonna write you my 'dress w'en I gits up dere.

*'Liza.* Go 'bye Sam—Go 'bye—be a good boy and write soon.

*Henry.* Come on heah boy, let's git on dis heah train—dis train is goin'—tell dem boys go 'bye.

*Sam-and-Henry.* Go 'bye eve'ybody.

*Sam.* Mr. Conductor, does dis train go to Chicago?

*Conductor.* Yes, take any seat up there in that front car.

*Henry.* De man done tol' you now—go on up dere and set down and shet up.

*Conductor.* You boys got tickets?

*Henry.* Give de man de ticket Sam.

*Sam.* Heah dey are, Mistah, heah dey are. Mistah, whut time do you all git to Chicago?

*Conductor.* We pull into Chicago at 8:05.

*Sam.* Thank you sah. Henry, we gone now boy. I suttinly hate to leave 'Liza. She suttinly is a sweet gal.

*Henry.* Oh shet up 'bout 'Liza. Look heah boy, whut you got in dat papah bag?

*Sam.* I got bananas in dere.

*Henry.* Bananas? You done bring bananas 'long?

*Sam.* It's alright now—you don't have to eat 'em—we gonna git hungry befo' we git to Chicago.

*Henry.* Come on now boy—move over heah so I kin git dis coat undah mah haid—I'se wontin' to sleep. Put yo' feet up dere in dat seat.

*Sam.* Look-out heah, Henry—don't put yo' feet all ovah me—I done got on a new pair of pants boy—be careful.

*Henry.* Why don't you take off yo' shoes? Come on boy, let's take off our shoes.

*Sam.* I'm wid you dere Henry—dese new shoes pinch mah feet.

*Henry.* Come on now, let's go to sleep. Go'night Sam.

*Sam.* Go'night Henry.



## Arrive in Chicago with Bundles and Baggage

*In due time, thanks to the peculiar American habit of running trains on schedule, our heroes find themselves in the Windy City loaded down with considerable impedimenta and burdened with little or no knowledge of how to conduct themselves in a big city.*

*Conductor.* All off for Chicago.

*Sam.* Heah whut de man say Henry—git dat box you got dere Henry and come on heah.

*Henry.* Don't you call dat no box now—dat's mah suit case.

*Sam.* If you don't tie some mo' rope 'round dat thing, you ain't gonna have nothin'.

*Henry.* Well, come on heah—let's git off dis heah train now.

*Sam.* Step up heah Henry—don't walk all over dese people—dey'll knock you in de haid—you ain't in Bummin'ham now—you in Chicago.

*Henry.* Dawg-gone, look at all dese people—I nevah see so many people—look like a circus is in town.

*Sam.* You got mo' boxes dan anybody I evah saw. W'y don't you throw dat bag away—whut's in dat bag?

*Henry.* I got a monkey-wrench in dat bag.

*Sam.* Whut you carryin' a monkey-wrench up heah fo'—you ain't gonna need no monkey-wrench.

*Henry.* How you know I ain't gonna need no monkey-wrench—when we repoht ovah dere to git dat job de man might ask us if we got any tools—and I gonna have a monkey-wrench.

*Sam.* Dere's a policeman over dere—now let's ask him whar we goin' and how to git dere.

*Henry.* Take off yo' hat now when you git up to de man dere—take off yo' hat boy—de fust thing you know you gonna git in jail right off de bat.

*Sam.* Say, Mistah Policeman, how do we git to de centah o' town?

*Cop.* Do you boys want to go to the Loop?

*Sam.* Yas sah, dat's whut it says in de lettah.

*Henry.* Show de man de lettah—show de man de lettah.

*Cop.* I don't want to see the letter—just right up the street here. Either walk up about twelve blocks or hop in a cab—it'll cost you about 35 cents.

*Sam.* Thank you very much Mistah, thank you sah. Com'on now Henry—don't you git los' in dis depot heah now—dis is a big place.

*Henry.* Come on, let's follow de people heah—you see 'em goin' out dat do' dere, don't you?

*Sam.* Henry, de man say we kin ride up to dat place in a automobile fo' 35 cents. We might 's well git in one o' dem things 'cause we'll git los' if we staht walkin' up dere.

*Henry.* Mah goodness, look at de automobiles—I ain't nevah seen so many automobiles in one place befo'—look at 'em Sam.

*Sam.* Henry, dey ain't gonna let us ride in one o' dem automobiles—you wid all dem boxes and packidges.

*Henry.* Didn't you heah de policeman tell you we could git in de automobile and he'd take us up dere fo' 35 cents?

*Sam.* Well, it ain't no use to git in one o' dem bright yaller ones,—let's git one o' dese automobiles standin' ovah heah. Heah's one ovah heah wid a man's name on de side o' it.



*Henry.* Come on ovah heah den—let's tell de man whar we goin'.

*Sam.* Say, Mistah, does dis automobile run up to de Loop?

*Driver.* Vy shure—vere do you vant to go in da Loop?

*Henry.* W'y don' you tell de man whar yo'ah' goin' in de loop. Show de man de lettah.

*Sam.* De man don't wanna see de lettah. Say Mistah, take us up to de centah o' de Loop.

*Driver.* Alright—hop in.

*Henry.* Lookout Sam—don't put yo' feet all ovah dese boxes now—keep yo' feet down.

*Sam.* Say Henry, if de boys back in Bummin'-ham could see us ridin' in dis automobile, dey'd suttinly think we was sompin'.

*Henry.* It ain't nothin'—we ain't spendin' but 35 cents—that ain't nothin'.

*Sam.* Look at de automobiles an' people—mah goodness. Look heah Henry—dey got trains runnin' all ovah bridges heah.

*Henry.* Go on boy, ain't you nevah read 'bout de subway up heah.

*Sam.* De subway?

*Henry.* W'y yes, don't you remember readin' in de papah 'bout de subway?

*Sam.* Oh yas, oh yas, is dat de subway?

*Henry.* Why sho' dat's de subway. Boy, don't be so ign'ant—be smaht. Boy, you is up heah whar de people is smaht.

*Sam.* Look heah, Henry—look at dat big ocean out dere. Dat must be de Atlantic ocean, ain't it, Henry?

*Henry.* Boy, don't be so ign'ant—ain't you evah read 'bout de big lake up heah call de Great Lake?

*Sam.* Dat kain't be no lake, Henry—where is de othah side o' it?

*Henry.* Boy, dere you go agin—I nevah seen nobody like you—you ain't lookin' 'cross de lake—you is lookin' up de Lake.

*Sam.* Wondah whut makes dis man turn 'round so much, dat policeman mus'-a tol' us wrong. He said it was on'y twelve blocks.

*Henry.* Don' say nothin' to dat man now—he knows whar he's goin'—he's got a license—dat man's got a license to drive dis automobile.

*Sam.* Look heah, he's gittin' ready to stop heah. He's pullin' up to de curbin' heah. Let's git ready to git off dis thing.

*Henry.* De man is just slowin' down—kain't you see all dem people ovah dere? Dey must be havin' a fight or somethin' on dat cornah.

*Sam.* Dey must be havin' somethin' ovah dere—I ain't nevah seen so many people in one place. De man is stopped Henry. Sho' nuf. Guess we bettah git out.

*Driver.* Alright boys, here you are—here's the Loop.

*Sam.* Mistah, whut street is dis?

*Driver.* This is State and Madison streets.

*Henry.* Go on Sam—give de man de 35 cents.

*Sam.* Say Mistah—you got change fo' fifty cents?

*Driver.* Fidty cents for vat?

*Sam.* We want to pay you de 35 cents fo' bringin' us heah.

*Driver.* Vy de meter registers a dollar and seventy-five cents.

*Henry.* Whut did he say Sam—whut did he say?

*Sam.* He said som'pin' 'bout de metah. Whut did you say, Mistah?

*Driver.* De fare is a dollar and seventy-five cents.

*Sam.* Henry—you heah whut de man say?

*Henry.* Whut did he say—a dollah an' seventy-five cents? Axe dat man agin—dat man suttinly has made a mistake. You done heard de man wrong.

*Sam.* Whut did you say 'bout a dollah an' seventy-five cents?

*Driver.* Dot's de fare to bring you up here to de Loop—a dollar and seventy-five cents.

*Henry.* Go on—give de man de money—give de man de money.

*Sam.* Henry, all mah money's in mah shoe—I gotta take off mah shoe.

*Henry.* Well, go on—take off yo' shoe and give de man de money.

*Sam.* Well, hold dis heah package Henry, while I git dis shoe off.

*Henry.* Sit de package down dere on de groun'.

*Sam.* Mistah, you said dat was a dollah an' seventy-five cents?

*Driver.* Dot's what I said—a dollar and seventy-five cents.

*Henry.* Dar's a two-dollah bill right dere on top—give de man dat bill and git yo' change.

*Sam.* Heah you ah' Mistah—heah's a two dollah bill.

*Driver.* Tenk you—much obliged to you.

*Henry.* Whut did dat man do—whut did he do—leave?

*Sam.* No—no—he didn't leave—he's jes' gone aftah de change.

*Henry.* He done gone a long ways—look at him—he's way down dere. You bettah kiss dat two dollah bill go'bye.

*Sam.* Oh de man's comin' back Henry.

*Henry.* If de man evah comes back to dis spot, it's gonna be two fools axe him to take 'em to de centah o' de Loop. I'se glad he didn't git mah two dollah bill.

*Sam.* Well ain't you gonna pay half o' whut I pay heah.

*Henry.* Not when you give 'way de money like dat.

*Sam.* How come you don't pull out yo' money when we gotta pay fo' things?

*Henry.* Well I reach fo' my money ev'vy time we gotta pay for somethin'.

*Sam.* You suttinly must have a long ways to reach 'case I'se got time 'nuf to git off mah shoe.

*Henry.* I'se gonna tell you one thing—we ain't gonna ride in no mo' automobiles.

*Sam.* Henry—you always crabbin' 'bout som'-pin'—de policeman down at de depot jes' made a mistake.

*Henry.* Den you turn 'round and make 'nothah mistake and give de man two dollahs.

*Sam.* Henry I ain't nevah seen nobody like you—de man is comin' back—he just went aftah de change. Come on—let's sit down heah on dis heah box—mah feet hurt—whut dat readin' say on dis box heah?

*Henry.* Kain't you read dat, boy—it say "Help Keep Yo' City Clean."

*Sam.* Let's sit down heah a minute and res'—dat man won't be gone long.

*Henry.* I hate to have to sit heah till he come back.

*Sam.* I ain't nevah heard a man crab as much as you is 'bout twenty-five cents change—you talk like de man drivin' de automobile ain't hones'.

## With the Street Fakir

*The boys have been sitting on the corner of State and Madison Streets, known as one of the busiest corners in the world, patiently waiting for the taxi driver to return with their change.*

*Sam.* Henry, look whut dat clock up dere says—it's five o'clock—it's gittin' dahk—I wondah if dese people ain't evah gonna git off dis cornah so we kin go some place.

*Henry.* Yeh boy—I'se gittin' hungry—I got to git som'pin' to eat. Whar is dem bananas you had?

*Sam.* Bananas? Boy, you mean de bananas I brought f'm Bummin'ham?

*Henry.* W'y suttinly I mean dem bananas—you ain't been in no fruit sto' since you been heah, is you?

*Sam.* Why man, you et three o' dem bananas yo' se'f—I ain't had but one o' 'em—you et all dem bananas. You de one dat said I shouldn't bring 'long no bananas and den you turn 'round and eat 'em all.

*Henry.* Well, come on—let's go away from dis cornah—we gotta git some place heah.

*Sam.* Henry, I'll watch dese packidges heah—you git on out in de middle o' de street whar all dem automobiles is and ask dat policeman whar we kin sleep tonight. I'll watch de bundles now while you'se out dere.

*Henry.* Mr. Policeman, we jes' got up heah from Bummin'ham and we gotta git a room some place. Whar is a good place fo' two cullud boys to sleep?

*Cop.* Go down this street four blocks, turn to



the right for one block and then go south and you'll see a hotel on the corner.

*Henry.* Much 'bliged to you Mistah.

*Sam.* Whut did he say Henry?

*Henry.* Ain't no diff'rence whut he say—you jes' follow me. Come on, git dese boxes heah an' let's go.

*Sam.* Say Henry, look at all dem 'lectric lights—ain't dey purty?

*Henry.* Come on now, you ain't gonna look at 'lectric lights—we goin' down heah and git a place to sleep tonight.

*Sam.* Henry—look in dat window. Ain't dat purty?

*Henry.* Dere you go—lookin' in windows—come on 'way f'm dat window.

*Sam.* Say Henry, I suttinly wish we had dat mule right now.

*Henry.* Dere you go—thinkin' 'bout Bummin'-ham 'gain—come on boy, catch hol' o' 'de end o' dis heah bundle o' mine.

*Sam.* Henry, how we gonna cross de street heah? Look at all dem automobiles out dere.

*Henry.* Boy, don't be so ign'ant. You see all dese people heah—dey'ah waitin' to cross de street—wait till dey go and we'll git right in de middle and go wid 'em.

*Sam.* Heah dey go—come on. Whar did de man tell you de place was?

*Henry.* Nevah min' whut de man tol' me—come on now—follow me, I'll take you dere.

*Sam.* Henry—when we gonna git som'pin' to eat?

*Henry.* Don't talk 'bout food so much—and pick up dem dogs of yo's and let's walk.

*Sam.* How far is de place—boy, dese new shoes is pinchin' mah feet.

*Henry.* W'y don' you shet up and git some speed. We been sittin' on de cornah all day waitin' fo' de crowds to clear 'way and dat's 'nuf res' fo' anybody.

*Sam.* Look at de man dere Henry—whut's he sellin'?

*Henry.* Come on now—keep on walkin'—don' stop and bothah dat man.

*Sam.* Come on heah Henry—let's see whut de man is got.

*Fakir.* You're just in time, gentlemen. I am not selling anything. I am going to give you each a little present. I am representing the Northwestern Fountain Pen Company of Portland, Oregon. . . . .

*Sam.* Heah whut de man say, Henry—he's goin' to give us som'pin'.

*Fakir.* For the past seventy-five years, America has been sadly in need of someone who would devote his time to the perfection of what is now commonly called a fountain pen. Mr. George Oakland, who is now the president of the Northwestern Fountain Pen Company, worked for months and months so that the people would have something to carry in their pockets that would be a credit to them. Do you see how beautiful this pen writes—and to re-fill—you simply press the little button and zip—you have a supply of ink that will write eleven thousand words of any language in the world. I don't care—you may have your Parker, Waterman, Ideal or any other pen but I offer to you a self-filling, non-leakable, guaranteed pen that will last you a life time. And in addition to that, I am going to give you, absolutely free, three extra pen points, made of solid gold with each pen. Now, gentlemen I can

only let one pen go to each customer, and for a short time we are giving you this pen and three solid gold pen points for the small sum of one dollar. One dollar won't make, break you or set you up in business—now who's the next one.....

*Sam.* Henry, let's buy one o' dese things.

*Henry.* Whut you want wid a fount'n pen, boy?

*Sam.* Ain't I gotta write to 'Liza down in Bummin'ham?

*Fakir.* Here you are, in a nice box, with the three gold pens absolutely free—but I'm sorry I can only let one go to each customer.

*Henry.* Go on—give de man de dollah.

*Sam.* Ain't you gunno git one, Henry?

*Fakir.* And one just left for the little fellow.

*Henry.* No sah Mistah, I don't want none o' 'em. Come on, Sam, let's git on down heah to dis hotel.

*Sam.* Now don't walk so fast. I want to open dis heah box and see if de man done give me dose three gold pens.

*Henry.* De man done got yo' dollah—you'h goin' to fin' yo'se'f walkin' back to 'Bummin'ham purty soon.

*Sam.* Whut you turnin' 'round dis cornah fo' Henry?

*Henry.* Shet up now and jes' keep walkin'—I know whar de hotel is.

*Sam.* When we gonno fin' dis Contracto', Henry?

*Henry.* How we gonna fin' de man at night? We done messed up de whole day sittin' on de cornah waitin' fo' dat change—where's dat lettah f'm de man?

*Sam.* I got de lettah heah—whut good de lettah gonna do us now? Mah feet hu't.

*Henry.* Don't talk 'bout yo' feet—look at all dese bundles I'se carryin'.

*Sam.* Whar de world is we goin' anyway, Henry?

*Henry.* Come on, fat head, and cross de street.

*Sam.* Look out dere Henry—you's fixin' to git us bof killed. Go back dere and git dem boxes you dropped. Yo' gonna have automobiles runnin' ovah all of us heah.

*Henry.* W'y don't you look 'round when you crossin' de street?

*Sam.* Ain't I followin' you? W-w-whar is dis heah hotel?

*Henry.* De policeman said for us to turn south at dis cornah. You know which way south is?

*Sam.* Dat's toward Bummin'ham.

*Henry.* Come on heah—I see de place.

*Sam.* We ain't nevah foun' de Loop yet. Dat policeman tol' me yes'day in de depot dat we could eithah walk or ride in a automobile for 35 cents right to de Loop. And de man chahged me a dollah and seventy-five cents and den took mah two dollah bill and lef'.

*Henry.* Come on ovah heah and let's see whut dis big buildin' is—let's axe somebody whar we goin'.

*Sam.* Axe dat man standin' up in front o' de place whar we goin'.

*Henry.* You go on and axe de man whut it is—I done axe de las' man.

*Sam.* Mistah, whut place is dis?

*Man.* This is the depot.

*Sam.* Thank you sah—Henry, dis is dat depot agin—we'se back at de depot.

*Henry.* Well, come on—let's go in heah and sit down a few minutes.

*Sam.* Dat suits me 'cause mah feet is jes' killin' me. Heah's some eats Henry—let's sit down heah.

*Henry*—Alright—lemme drop dese boxes down heah fust.

*Sam.* Henry, I wondah if I kin take off mah shoes in dis heah place?

*Henry.* Leave dem shoes on—dat policeman goin' to come ovah heah and put you in de jail-house in a few minutes.

*Sam.* Henry, we ain't nevah foun' dat Loop yet—let's axe dat policeman if he knows whar de Loop is.

*Henry.* Go on up to de man Sam, and axe him.

*Sam.* Come on up heah wid me while I axe de man.

*Henry.* Come on den, come on—let's go—take off yo' hat.

*Sam.* Mistah Policeman, how do you git to de Loop?

*Cop.* Just right up the street here. Either walk up about twelve blocks or hop in a cab—it'll cost you about 35 cents.

*Henry.* Oh—Oh.



## Still at the Depot

*After a long night, spent in the depot, they awake at 6.00 A. M.*

*Sam.* Wake up dere Henry—it's six o'clock. We been sleepin' in dis heah depot all night. It's a wondah we ain't in jail.

*Henry.* Dere you go talkin' agin 'bout de jail.

*Sam.* Mah feet suttinly do hu't now. I done had dese shoes on all night.

*Henry.* W'y didn't you take yo' shoes off?

*Sam.* How you gonna take yo' shoes off in de man's depot. Is you got a knife Henry?

*Henry.* Whut you wan't wid a knife?

*Sam.* I wanna cut dese shoes heah whar mah little toe is. If I don't cut 'em, dat toe's gonna pop out dere.

*Henry.* Heah's de knife—go on ruin yo' shoes.

*Sam.* If I don't ruin de shoes, dey's gonna ruin me.

*Henry.* W'y don't you git shoes big enough and shoe?

*Sam.* You know I b'lieve I will do dat on one shoe. Ain't no use to let shoes kill you.

*Henry.* W'y don' you git numbah twelves? den dey won't hurt you?

*Sam.* Dese shoes is numbah tens.

*Henry.* W'y don' you get numbah twelves?

*Sam.* Whut I want wid numbah twelves—de man took a big stick and took de size of mah foot. Dese shoes gonna feel bettah now—de on'y thing I done cut the toes o' de left shoe and dat's de shoe I keep mah money in.



*Henry.* Keep de money in de right shoe. How much money you got lef'?

*Sam.* I got 'leven dollahs. An' I gonna hol' on to it too.

*Henry.* You gonna spend dat money befo' you know it. Buyin' gold pens—whut you wanna buy dat fountain pen fo'?

*Sam.* Henry, you don't know a bargain when you see one. De man give me three pen points fo' nothin'.

*Henry.* Yeh—but he got yo' dollah. Whut I wanna know is—when is we gonna eat? We ain't had nothin' to eat since we lef' Bummin'ham day 'fore yes'day.

*Sam.* You et up all my bananas on de train.

*Henry.* We done fool away a whole day sittin' up dere on de cornah waitin' fo' dat man to come back wid yo' change fo' ridin' in dat automobile.

*Sam.* An' de man nevah did come baek, did he, Henry?

*Henry.* An' de man ain't nevah comin' back eithah.

*Sam.* I'se gonna axe one o' dese cullud boys wid de red caps on to git us a san'wich.

*Henry.* Tell him to git fo' san'wiches—hurry up now—I'se hungry.

*Sam.* Say Mistah, will you git me some sandwiches?

*Boy.* Sure—what kind o' sandwiches do you want?

*Sam.* Any kin'—jes' git fo' o' 'em.

*Boy.* Alright, you can pay me when I get back.

*Sam.* Thank you, sah.

*Henry.* Is dat man gonna git de san'wiches?

*Sam.* He ain't gonna skip it. I got to git de money out o' mah shoe while de man's gone. You know Henry—mah right shoe done staht hu'tin'.

*Henry.* If you keep dem 'leven one dollah bills in dere, dat's gonna make anybody's shoe hu't.

*Sam.* Whar I gonna keep de money den?

*Henry.* Keep it in yo' pocket like I do. I got fo'teen dollahs and I ain't los' dat.

*Sam.* I wondah how much dese san'wiches gonna cos'. De man gonna collec' f'm us when he bring de sandwiches back.

*Henry.* What kin' o' san'wiches did you tell de man to git?

*Sam.* I tol' him to git any kin'.

*Henry.* De man gonna bring back roas' beef and I want some ham. W'y didn't you tell de man to git ham?

*Sam.* I tol' de man to git any kin'. I could eat a bear sandwich—I'se so hungry I don't know whut to do.

*Henry.* Heah come de man now—git de money ready.

*Sam.* How much is dey, Mistah?

*Boy.* One dollah.

*Sam.* One dollah? Whut kin' o' san'wiches is dey?

*Boy.* I don't know. I told him to give me any kind.

*Henry.* Give de gent'man de dollah and shet up.

*Sam.* Heah you ah Mistah—heah's de dollah. Suttinly do thank you fo' doin' dis fo' us.

*Henry.* Give de man a piece o' change fo' his trouble—you think he workin' fo' his health?

*Sam.* Heah, Mistah—heah's a dime fo' yo'se'f.

*Boy.* Thank you.

*Sam.* You's welcome.

*Henry.* Come on Sam, unwrap dem sandwiches—I'se got to have some grease in me—I'se hungry.

*Sam.* Don't rush me, Henry, don't rush me—heah's yo' two.

*Henry.* What kin' o' san'wiches is dey? Look heah, Sam, dey ain't got no meat in 'em.

*Sam.* You sho' is right Henry. Look at mine—here's a piece o' tomato an' a leaf o' a head o' lettuce.

*Henry.* Who evah heard of a san'wich like dis—and dey cos' a dollah.

*Sam.* Look like eve'ything cos' a lot in Chicago, don't it?

*Henry.* It's all yo' fault—why didn't you tell de man to git some ham—I want some ham.

*Sam.* You got fo' slices of bread—go on eat 'em and shet up.

*Henry.* I know—but I want some ham.

*Sam.* Dis heah bread tastes purty good.

*Henry.* If we don't fin' dis 'struction company purty soon, I'se goin' back to Bummin'ham.

*Sam.* Dere you go talkin' 'bout goin' back home. You ain't got no gumtion.

*Henry.* Git out dat lettah. It said som'pin' 'bout phonin' de state.

*Sam.* Heah's de lettah. It says—Mr. Sam Smith—deah Mistah Smith.

*Henry.* Don't read de whole lettah—read de part whar it says phone de state.

*Sam.* It says "'Pon yo' 'rival phone state 7264.'" Henry, you reckon he means 'pon our 'rival in Chicago?

*Henry.* W'y suttinly he means dat. Heah we done fool 'way all day yes'day jes' 'case you kain't understan' de man's lettah.

*Sam.* How come you didn't un'erstan' it—let's git to a telephone.

*Henry.* Lemme finish eatin' dis san'wich.

*Sam.* Come on ovah heah to de phone and bring de sandwich wid you.

*Henry.* Come on den—but whut you know 'bout usin' de phones in Chicago?

*Sam.* It ain't nothin' but a telephone, is it—I done used a telephone befo'.

*Henry.* Heah it is—go on call de state.

*Sam.* Lemme git dis thing to mah eah.

*Henry.* Tell de man whar we is an' axe him how to git 'way f'm heah.

*Sam.* When de man tells me, I'se gonna write it down on dis lettah wid mah new pen.

*Henry.* You know dat pen ain't got no ink in it.

*Sam.* Dat sho' is de truf—Look heah Henry, dis thing must be out of ordah.

*Henry.* W'y don' you read de signs?

*Sam.* Whut do de signs say Henry?

*Henry.* W'y de sign dere say, "Buy a Slug."

*Sam.* Whut it say?

*Henry.* It say, "Buy a Slug."

*Sam.* A slug of whut?



## Getting Work

*After being instructed how to reach the office building, still carrying all of their baggage.*

*Sam.* Henry, dis looks like de place heah.

*Henry.* Didn't de man jes' tell you dat it was right on dis cornah.

*Sam.* How you gonna git all dem boxes in dat do' goin' 'round like dat?

*Henry.* Heah, carry some o' dese packidges o' mine till we git inside de do'.

*Sam.* Let's wait till dat do' slows down a little bit. Dat thing's goin' 'round like a buzz saw.

*Henry.* Come on, git in dere now—it's gonna slow down.

*Sam.* Heah I go Henry—git in dat nex' openin' now. . . . Did you git through alright, Henry?

*Henry.* You see me heah, don't you—I must-a got through dere alright.

*Sam.* Let's axe dat man over dere by de elevatohs whar de Chicago 'struction Company is.

*Henry.* Go on—axe de man how to git dere.

*Sam.* Say Mistah, how do you git to de Chicago 'struction Company?

*Elevator Man.* Sixteenth floor—take car number three.

*Sam.* Thank you sah. Henry, de man says sixteenth flo', cah numbah three.

*Henry.* We kain't go up dere wid all dese heah boxes. Axe de man if we kain't leave dese boxes heah till we come back.

*Sam.* You go on axe him Henry—I done axe de man one question.

*Henry.* How I goin' axe de man when I got all dese heah boxes heah?

*Sam.* You ain't holdin' none o' dem in yo' teeth, is you? Henry, yo'ah de most' helpless man I evah seen—I'll ask him. Say Mistah, kin we leave dese heah boxes down heah till we go up dere and come back?

*Elevator Man.* You can set that one big box over there but you can't leave all that junk down here.

*Sam.* Thank you sah. Heah whut de man say, Henry—set dat one big box ovah dere.

*Henry.* Hol' dis heah little packidge heah.

*Sam.* Hurry up heah now, de elevatoh's gittin' ready to go up heah. Come on, git in heah.

*Henry.* Take off yo' hat—take off yo' hat.

*Elevator Man.* Floors please.

*Henry.* Tell de man de flo', Sam—tell de man de flo'.

*Sam.* Mistah, we wanna go to de sixteenth flo'.

*Elevator Man.* Sixteenth floor the next stop.

*Sam.* Henry, did you evah see a thing go like dis heah thing—look heah boy, we'ah' flyin'.

*Henry.* Don't hol' on to me—don't hol' on to me—grab som'pin' else.

*Sam.* Dey'ah ain't nothin' else to hol' on Henry 'cept de man and de man ain't gonna lemme grab him.

*Elevator Man.* Sixteenth floor.

*Sam.* Is dis it already, Mistah?

*Henry.* Don't argue wid de gent'man—don't argue wid de gent'man, git out of heah.

*Sam.* Look heah Henry, heah's de office right heah—look on de do'—it says Chicago 'struction Co.



*Henry.* Come on, let's go in dere den—let's go in dere and see de man.

*Sam.* Wait till I knock on dis heah do'.

*Henry.* Kain't you read whut it say on de do' dere—walk in. Open de do' and go on in dere—come on—let's git on in heah.

*Clerk.* What can I do for you?

*Henry.* Show de man de lettah—give de man de lettah.

*Sam.* Mah name is Sam Smith—I'se f'm Bum-min'ham and—

*Henry.* Show de man de lettah.

*Sam.* Heah's de lettah Mistah—heah's de lettah dat somebody up heah wrote us.

*Clerk.* Oh yes, have a seat—just a minute.

*Henry.* Come on ovah and set down now and wait till de man comes back. I'se gittin hungry.

*Sam.* Dere's a clock on de wall says it's twelve o'clock. We done wasted all mornin' agin gittin' up heah to dis place f'm de depot.

*Henry.* Heah come de man back now—heah come de man back.

*Clerk.* You boys report to Mr. McCarthy at the employment office at 8th Street and Michigan Avenue. You'll see a building there being erected now. Have you boys got a place to stay yet?

*Sam.* No sah Mistah, we done slep' in de depot las' night.

*Clerk.* Well you had better find a place to stay and report for work the first thing in the morning. Here's written instruction for you and you're to report to Mr. McCarthy.

*Henry.* Axe de gent'man whar we kin git a place to sleep.

*Sam.* Say, Mistah, whar could we git a place whar we could sleep? Sum kin' of a boa'din' house.

*Clerk.* Why as long as you are working in the heart of the city, why don't you go down on South State street and try and find a place down there. You won't have any trouble finding a nice place.

*Sam.* How do you git down on South State street?

*Clerk.* You're on State street now. Go right out in front and catch a car marked State Street and that will take you to South State St.

*Sam.* Thank you sah. Come on heah Henry—let's git out of heah now and git on down heah and git a place to eat an' sleep.

*Henry.* Open de do' den—let's git out of heah. Come on—push dem elevatoh buttons—dere's two o' 'em—push both o' 'em—dere's two mo' ovah dere—you push dem two and I'll push dese two.

*Sam.* Dese elevatohs sho' is fas'.

*Elevator man.* Going up—sixteen.

*Sam.* No sah, Mistah, we goin' down.

*Elevator man.* Well, push the down button then.

*Elevator man.* Going down, sixteen.

*Sam.* Come on heah Henry, come on—de man ain't gonna wait.

*Henry.* Tell de man whar you wanna go.

*Sam.* Mistah, we wanna git back down to de front do'.

*Elevator man.* Main floor, far as we go.

*Henry.* Git out o' de cah—git out o' de cah—didn't you heah whut de man say?

*Sam.* Which way is which heah, Henry?

*Henry.* Come on, dere's my big box ovah dere—git dat box. Come on, let's git outta heah and git on his cah. Dere comes a cah right dere—let's run out and git dat cah.

*Sam.* Come on now—let's git some speed—de car ain't gonna wait fo' you—come on. Mistah, is dis a State street car?

*Conductor.* State street car—all aboard—step lively please.

*Henry.* Axe de man whar South State street is.

*Sam.* Say Mistah, whar is South State street?

*Conductor.* You're on South State street now.

*Sam.* We ah'—de man done tol' us wrong again—come on Henry, let's git offa dis cah.

*Henry.* Wait a minute—axe de man whar some boa'din' houses is.

*Sam.* Mistah, whut we lookin' fo' is some boa'din' houses on South State street.

*Conductor.* You want to go way down on South State street. Go on up and take a seat. I'll let you know where to get off. Drop 14 cents in the box.

*Sam.* Pay de man Henry.

*Henry.* I ain't gonna pay de man when I got my han's full o' boxes. Give de man fo'teen cents.

*Sam.* You ain't paid fo' nothin' since you been in Chicago. De way you goin' you could live in Chicago all yo' life fo' nothin'.

*Henry.* Don't argue—don't argue—go on, give de man de money.

*Sam.* Heah you ah' Mistah—heah's de fo'teen cents.

*Henry.* Dere's two seats in de back o' de cah—git dem two seats. I'se gittin' hungry.

*Sam.* Henry, how'd you like to be down in Bum-min'ham right now eatin' a nice fried chicken wid some nice sweet potatoes and some hot biscuits wid de butter jes' oozin' out?

*Henry.* When we git off dis heah street cah and we'h walkin' pas' anybody's yard wid chickens in it—I hope dem chickens keeps out o' mah way.

*Conductor.* Here you are boys—get off and you'll find a lot of boarding houses right in this block here.

*Sam.* Come on heah—de cah ain't gonna stop long—let's git off heah quick.

*Conductor.* Step lively—off the running board.

*Sam.* Well, heah we ah'.

*Henry.* Wait a minute heah,—som'pin' wrong—.

*Sam.* Whut's de matter wid you now?

*Henry.* I done gone and lef' dat big box o' mine on de cah.

*Sam.* I'se glad o' it' cause you kain't git in no boa'din' house wid dat big box nohow. I'se glad you done los' it.

*Henry.* I know but dat box had a fruit jah full o' cawn likkah in it.

*Sam.* Well, dat's diff'rent—let's see if we kain't ketch dat cah.



## Keeping Their Finances Straight

*Home after their first day's work—and relaxation.*

*Sam.* You know, Henry, my back suttinly is so'.

*Henry.* De man nevah would make us staht pushin' dem wheelbarrows if you'd a kept yo' mouf shet when he tol' you to staht ketchen' dem rivets.

*Sam.* How come you didn't keep yo' mouf shet. I know one thing—when de man tol' us to git down on de groun', dat's de fust time you smiled since you lef' Bummin'ham'.

*Henry.* Well, come on heah now—let's staht drinkin' dis heah gin.

*Sam.* Dese two pints o' gin suttinly did cos' a lot o' money.

*Henry.* Yes and you tried to argue wid de gent'man when he tol' you to give him de fo' dollahs.

*Sam.* Henry, how come you nevah paid fo' none o' dis heah gin? I done spent all mah money almos'—I ain't got but fo' dollahs an' twenty cents to las' me till Sat'dy.

*Henry.* Don't argue 'bout de money—let's take a drink o' dis heah gin.

*Sam.* I ain't arguing 'bout de money but you ain't nevah paid fo' nothin'.

*Henry.* Shet yo' mouf. Ain't 'Liza yo' bes' gal frien'?

*Sam.* Yes, 'Liza's mah sweetheart.

*Henry.* Well when you wrote to 'Liza, didn't I give you de stamp?

*Sam.* Yeh, but you found dat stamp.

*Henry.* Don't argue wid me—don't argue wid me—let's drink dis heah gin.

*Sam.* You know I done paid de fo' dollahs fo' dis heah gin—I tell you whut I gonna do. You ain't paid nothin' on dis heah stuff now—I gonna charge you ten cents fo' eve'y drink you take.

*Henry.* How come you goin' charge me fo' mah gin?

*Sam.* Well, de man charged me two dollahs a pint fo' it and I got two pints. I'se gonna staht bootleggin' dis likkah to you heah by de drink.

*Henry.* You gonna charge me ten cents eve'y time I take a drink?

*Sam.* You heard whut I say—I'se gonna charge you ten cents eve'y time you take a drink o' dis heah gin.

*Henry.* Well heah goes de fust drink.

*Sam.* Man, you suttinly do take a mean slug.

*Henry.* (smack) Ain't no use to play wid de stuff. You gonna drink?

*Sam.* I ain't bought dis stuff to grow no hair on my haid. I'll drink out mah own bottle. Heah I go.

*Henry.* You wets a mean tonsil yo'se'f, don't you?

*Sam.* You know, dis is jes' whut we needed to-night—aftah wukkin' on dat buildin' all day.

*Henry.* Yes, and I need anothah drink right now too.

*Sam.* Drink out o' dat same bottle dere now—I'se gonna charge you ten cents fo' ev'y drink and I gotta keep track o' it—go on, drink it.

*Henry.* Well, heah I go agin.

*Sam.* Hol' on dere Henry—you ain't puttin' out no fiah.

*Henry.* How come you argue wid me eve'y time.



I take a drink—ain't I payin' you fo' dis heah likkah?

*Sam.* Dat sho' is de truf—I ain't got no right to argue wid you. Well, I'se gonna drink one wid you.

*Henry.* Does dis heah gin make you feel alright?

*Sam.* I done perked up right aftah I looked at de stuff. It suttinly is strong, ain't it?

*Henry.* I'se gonna take anothah drink while you talkin'.

*Sam.* Dat makes you one ahead o' me.

*Henry.* I'm buyin' dis heah gin—keep yo' mouf shet.

*Sam.* I b'lieve I'll write 'Liza a lettah.

*Henry.* Don't use none o' mah papah.

*Sam.* Whut I gonna write on? I ain't got no papah.

*Henry.* You sellin' me de gin, ain't you?

*Sam.* Yas, I'se sellin' it to you at ten cents a drink.

*Henry.* Well, I'se gonna sell you dis papah but I'se gonna be good to you and sell you three sheets fo' ten cents.

*Sam.* Well, gimme three sheets—I'll owe you a dime.

*Henry.* You ain't gonna owe me no money.

*Sam.* Well you owe me fo' de gin—just substract dis f'm de gin.

*Henry.* Ain't no use to open no set o' books now—gimme de ten cents—let's keep dis heah thing straight.

*Sam.* Heah's yo' ten cents.

*Henry.* I'se gonna take 'nothah drink.

*Sam.* Go on, take it—but keep dese heah drinks straight heah now.

*Henry.* Dis stuff's gittin' strongah an' strongah.

*Sam.* I b'lieve I'll take 'nothah swig.

*Henry.* W'y don't you staht writin' dat dere lettah?

*Sam.* (*smack*) Dat stuff is suttinly hot—Henry, I'se gonna git dis new fountain pen to wukkin' now.

*Henry.* You know you ain't put no ink in dat thing yet.

*Sam.* Yes I did. Don't you 'member when we went in de postoffice?

*Henry.* Let's see dat fountain pen.

*Sam.* Heah it is—it's got gold points in it. Dawg-gone Henry, dis thing done turned green.

*Henry.* Dat's w'y de gent'man give you dem extra pen points. Git dem othah three points—I'se gonna take a drink. Ain't much gin lef' in dis bottle.

*Sam.* Fo' fo' dollars you know you don't git but two pints o' dat gin—now, go easy.

*Henry.* Ain't nothin' de mattah wid dis gin 'cept it don't las' long 'nuf.

*Sam.* De ink done run out o' dis pen all in de box—look heah Henry—dat fountain pen leaks.

*Henry.* You jes' don't know how to wuk de fountain pen. Lemme take a drink—I'll fix it.

*Sam.* Don't git de pen all out of ordah now—don't git de pen all out of ordah.

*Henry.* Dis pen ain't no good—I'll tell you whut I'll do. It's wuth money to you to write to 'Liza, ain't it?

*Sam.* I done paid a dollah fo' dis pen to write to her, ain't I?

*Henry.* Well, I'll tell you whut I'll do. I'll len' you mah pencil fo' ten cents.

*Sam.* How come you charge me a dime fo' usin' yo' pencil?

## KEEPING THEIR FINANCES STRAIGHT 41

*Henry.* Ain't nobody gimme dat pencil—I done bought dat pencil.

*Sam.* Yas, but you done had dat thing fo' near two yeahs.

*Henry.* Dat's whut I git for takin' care o' mah things. Lemme take 'nothah drink heah and I might len' you de pencil and give you 'nothah sheet o' papah fo' de dime.

*Sam.* Go on, take dat drink 'cause I gotta have some kin' o' bargain 'round heah.

*Henry.* I'll tell you whut I'll do now. I'll lend you de pencil and give you fo' mo' sheets o' papah fo' twenty cents—dat's givin' you a sheet o' papah free.

*Sam.* Alright, I'll do dat.

*Henry.* You ain't got no envelope, is you?

*Sam.* I gotta have mahse'f an envelope sho' 'nuf.

*Henry.* I'll tell you whut I'll do. I'll give you dis heah envelope fo' ten cents.

*Sam.* Lemme take a drink o' dis heah stuff and see how I feel aftah dis nex' drink.

*Henry.* I'se offerin' you a bargain now—you bettah speak quick.

*Sam.* (*Smack.*) Dat gin is sho' good, ain't it? I'll tell you whut I'll do, Henry. I'll take you up on dat. You gonna let me use yo' pencil, gimme fo' sheets o' papah an' envelope fo' how much?

*Henry.* Fo' thuty cents. Gimme de money.

*Sam.* Heah you ah'—heah's de thuty cents.

*Henry.* I'se gonna kill dis heah las' drink in dis pint an' go to bed.

*Sam.* You go on—go to bed—I'll write to 'Liza.

*Henry.* Well, I'se gonna staht undressin'.

*Sam.* I'se gonna staht de lettah out like dis—mah deah 'Liza.

*Henry.* W'y don't you come on to bed?

*Sam.* No—I done bought all dis stuff f'm you—I'se gonna use it.

*Henry.* You gonna sit up now and write all night and gotta git up in de mornin'?

*Sam.* Lemme take another drink heah—I might feel bettah.

*Henry.* Take dat drink and come into bed.

*Sam.* How we stan' on dis heah gin an' stuff. How much money you owe me?

*Henry.* Dere you go—talkin' 'bout money 'gain. Go on, take dat drink.

*Sam.* Henry—I'se gittin' kin'-a dizzy.

*Henry.* No no, you ain't dizzy—you jes' 'cited

*Sam.* I do owe you some money, don't I, Henry? 'bout whut you owe me.

*Henry.* 'splain to me how much money I owe.

*Henry.* You got one mo' drink lef' in dat bottle. Go on, take dat drink.

*Sam.* Well, heah goes, de las' drink.

*Henry.* Now I gonna 'splain to you how we stan'.

*Sam.* Ain't no use fo' us to cheat each othah, is it, Henry? I'se gonna pay you all de money I owe you.

*Henry.* Now I tell you how it is—you charged me ten cents a drink. In ordah not to run de bill up too high, I took big drinks—and I killed mah pint wid five drinks.

*Sam.* Dat's right, dat's right—go on.

*Henry.* Well, dat's fifty cents. Den I done sol' you dat papah and envelope and loaned you mah pencil, for fo'ty cents.

*Sam.* Dat sho' is de truf, ain't it, Henry.

*Henry.* Den is when we subtract. You kain't take de fifty out o' de fo'ty, kin you?

*Sam.* No you kain't take fifty out o' fo'ty.

## KEEPING THEIR FINANCES STRAIGHT 43

*Henry.* Don't argue—now jes' listen to me.

*Sam.* Let's have 'nothah drink.

*Henry.* Ain't no mo' gin heah—now listen to me. Now bein's dat we kain't take de fifty out o' de fo'ty, we gotta turn it 'round and take de fo'ty out o' de fifty. Dat's de on'y thing to do, ain't it?

*Sam.* Dat's right Henry, dat's right.

*Henry.* Well, fo'ty f'm fifty leaves ten.

*Sam.* I know dat's de truf.

*Henry.* Now den—in othah words—you owes me ten cents and we squah.

*Sam.* And all de gin is gone.

*Henry.* But you come out on top—You can still use dat pencil and de papah and de envelope b'longs to you.

*Sam.* Dat's right Henry, dat's right—I owes you ten cents.

*Henry.* Yas—but don't let's owe each othah nothin'—let's pay. Gimme de dime and come to bed.

*Sam.* Heah's de dime. Henry—ain't no use fo' me to undress. I gonna lay down heah like I is. I'se tired.

*Henry.* Did you set dat clock—we gotta get up at six o'clock.

*Sam.* De clock is alright—let's go to sleep heah. Go'night Henry.

*Henry.* Go'night Sam.

*Sam.* Go'night Henry. Henry I'se mighty glad we straightened out dat money thing befo' we went to sleep.

*Henry.* Shet up and go to sleep.

## Taking a Ride on the "L"

*Desirous of seeing some night life in Chicago, they decide to go to a theatre, and go downtown for their first time, at night.*

*Sam.* Henry, look at all dem 'lectric lights. Dey suttinly is purty.

*Henry.* Now don't let dem lights git you all excited. You know you ain't got no money 'cept de fifty cents I loaned you, and you bettah hol' on to dat.

*Sam.* I thought you said dat we was goin' to a show. Didn't you tell me dat, Henry?

*Henry.* I tol' you we was goin' to a show but none o' dese dat cos' a lot o' money.

*Sam.* I 'grees wid you dere, I gotta hol' on to mah money. Dis heah fifty cents has gotta las' me till Sat'dy.

*Henry.* Den how we gonna see a show. I ain't got but twelve dollahs an' I'se savin' mah money.

*Sam.* Let's walk up dis street, it's kinda dawkin' and we might fin' a cheap show on dis heah side street.

*Henry.* Come on den let's cross dis street and stop arguin'.

*Sam.* I suttinly do wish I was back in Bummin'ham tonight. Dis heah col' weather ain't doin' me no good.

*Henry.* Keep your han's down off yo' ears, people think you crazy.

*Sam.* Look heah Henry, heah's a movin' pitchah show 'cross de street.

*Henry.* Whut's de name o' de show?

*Sam.* Read whut de sign say.



*Henry.* De sign say "Follies."

*Sam.* Well, let's axe de man to sell us two tickets.

*Henry.* Whut time is it?

*Sam.* De clock back in de window say seven o'clock.

*Henry.* I bet de show done stahted—axe de gent'man at de little window to give us two tickets. An' axe de man if de show is ovah.

*Sam.* Come on up to de window wid me. Mistah—is de show ovah yit?

*Man.* Curtain at 8.20.

*Sam.* De curtain at 8:20? Does de curtain go up or come down at dat time.

*Henry.* Don't argue wid de gent'man—don't argue wid de gent'man.

*Man.* Why the show starts at that time.

*Sam.* Whut is de name o' de picture heah to-night.

*Man.* This is not a picture, this is Ziegfield's Follies.

*Sam.* Henry, we might as well git two tickets in de gallery.

*Henry.* Give de gent'man de money and axe him fo' two tickets.

*Sam.* How much is dey, Mistah?

*Man.* Two twenty each.

*Sam.* W-w-w-whut? Whut you say Mistah?

*Man.* Two dollars and twenty cents each.

*Sam.* Fo' de tickets?

*Henry.* Tell de gent'man we done made a mistake.

*Sam.* Mistah I think we done come to de wrong show. I don't guess we'll take dem tickets—bettah put 'em back.

*Henry.* Come on—le's git out o' dis heah place, You alwas gittin' in a lot o' trouble.

*Sam.* How did I know dat de tickets was gonna cos' so much money?

*Henry.* Don't argue wid me—come out heah—I feel like sockin' you in de nose.

*Sam.* Ain't no use to git mad 'bout de thing—talkin' 'bout sockin' me in de nose—how did I know de tickets was so much money?

*Henry.* I got a good notion to git one ticket and go on in—de man think we crazy.

*Sam.* We gotta do som'pin' to git out o' dis col' weather—I kain't stand dis heah col'—mah feet's col', mah han's col'.

*Henry.* Ain't but one t'ing to do—dat's to go on home and go to baid.

*Sam.* I tell you whut let's do Henry—let's git on one o' dese street cahs runnin' roun' on dese bridges.

*Henry.* Dem ain't street cahs—dem's el'vatohs. Ain't you heard de people talk 'bout de el'vatohs runnin' roun' town?

*Sam.* Is dat what dem is?

*Henry.* Don't be so ignorant now—de people might heah you say dat as dey pass heah on de street and dey think you crazy.

*Sam.* De day we got in heah f'm Bummin'ham, you tol' me dat was de subway.

*Henry.* I bet I gonna hit you in de haid so ha'd in a minute dat when dat Indefinite Life Insurance bring you de money you gonna have yo' eyes closed and won't know it's dere.

*Sam.* Henry, whut makes dat policeman look at us so ha'd?

*Henry.* Now don't staht no trouble wid de policeman.

*Sam.* Let's git up heah on dis bridge and ride dis heah el'vatoh—dat'll keep us wahm anyway.

*Henry.* Come on den—let's go up de stairs heah.

*Sam.* De on'y reason I wanna ride dese heah things is to keep wa'm.

*Henry.* You tol' de man down in Bummin'ham dat de col' weather wouldn't bothah you so shet up—stop arguin'.

*Sam.* Henry, how much you reckon de fare is on dis heah el'vatohs?

*Henry.* If it's mo' dan fifty cents you kain't ride.

*Sam.* Fifty cents?

*Henry.* Don't be so ig'nant—you know de fare ain't ovah five or ten cents.

*Sam.* I suppose we pay at dis little window heah.

*Henry.* Ask de gent'man how much de fare is.

*Sam.* Mistah, how much is de fare?

*Man.* Ten cents.

*Henry.* Give de man twenty cents.

*Sam.* Mistah take twenty cents out dis heah half-a dollah.

*Man.* Do you want tickets?

*Sam.* Whut kin' o' tickets?

*Henry.* Shet up and tell de gent'man you'll take de tickets.

*Sam.* Yas sah Mistah gimme de tickets—I might as well take 'em.

*Henry.* Don't evah argue wid de gent'man—don't evah argue with nobody w'en dey ask you a question like dat.

*Sam.* Henry—I don't understan' dis heah thing. De gent'man gimme twenty-five cents an' one ticket. Did he give you a ticket too?

*Henry.* If we got to use a ticket on dis heah elevatah, dat ticket you got is meant fo' me and you pa yo' fare wid de quarter.

*Sam.* How come you don't take out no money heah w'en we gotta pay fo' things?

*Henry.* Don't you owe me fifty cents?

*Sam.* You gits me all mixed up heah ev'y time I have to pay fo' anything.

*Henry.* I'se keepin' track o' it alright.

*Sam.* Heah come an el'vatoh now—whut's dat sign say on de train?

*Henry.* Dat say de Milwaukee express.

*Sam.* Let's git on dat.

*Henry.* Does you know whar Milwaukee street is?

*Sam.* We don't care whar it is—jes' so we keep wa'm.

*Conductor.* North Shore Train—Waukegan, Kenosha, Racine and Milwaukee train—All aboard.

*Henry.* Git on de train now—git on.

*Sam.* Dey suttinly is got nice seats on dese el'-vatohs, ain't dey?

*Henry.* Dese things sho' know how to travel too.

*Sam.* Henry, dis thing gonna run off dis heah bridge—I don' like de way it's doin'—look heah—look out dis window.

*Henry.* You kain't git off de thing now—shet up.

*Sam.* I b'lieve I'd rathah be out in de col' dan be on dis heah thing.

*Henry.* Now don't git excited—don't git excited.

*Conductor.* Tickets please.

*Henry.* Give de man de ticket—give de man de ticket.

*Conductor.* This is not the right ticket.

*Sam.* Well I give de man fifty cents and tol' him I was gonna pay fo' two and he asked me if I wanted tickets. I tol' him "yas" and he gimme dis one little ticket an' 25 cents change.

*Conductor.* Where are you birds going?

*Sam.* We jes' ridin'.

*Conductor.* Well you want to get off this car at Wilson avenue—I gotta good notion to turn you over to the police. You think you're a couple of wise guys, don't you?

*Sam.* No sah Mistah, we don't think dat. We don't know nothin' 'bout it Mistah—we f'm Bummin'ham, Alabama—we jes' got heah.

*Conductor.* Well if you wanted to ride, why didn't you get on a train right behind this one marked "Evanston".

*Sam.* Let us know w'en we kin git off dis heah thing Mistah—we git off at de nex' stop.

*Henry.* You fixin' to git us bof 'rested heah now talkin' to de man like dat.

*Sam.* I ain't said nothin' to de man—de man jumped all ovah us 'bout nothin'—whut we done?

*Henry.* You mus'-a done somethin' to de man or he wouldn't talk to you like dat?

*Sam.* I still got mah ticket and de twenty-five cents. De people up heah in Chicago ain't ve'y frien'ly, is dey?

*Henry.* How you 'spect dem to be frien'ly wid you—you so ign'ant—You argue wid ev'ybody.

*Sam.* Whut I said—I ain't arguin' wid nobody.

*Conductor.* Wilson avenue next stop.

*Henry.* Dere you go—arguin' wid me.

*Sam.* Ain't dat whar he say to git off?

*Henry.* You see him comin' back heah tow'd us, don't you?

*Conductor.* You get off at the next stop.

*Sam.* Yas sah Mistah, yas sah, we git off.

*Henry.* W'en we git off dis heah el'vatoh—let's be careful befo' we git on 'nuddah one.

*Sam.* Let's git down off dis heah bridge an' walk w'en we stop agin. I don't like de way dese cars turns de cornahs anyway.

*Henry.* You wa'm, ain't you?

*Conductor.* All off for Wilson avenue.

*Sam.* Come on now Henry—let's git off—let's git off quick.

*Conductor.* Let 'em off first please.

*(They leave train.)*

*Sam.* Whut we gonna do now, Henry?

*Henry.* Dere's a sign say "To de street"—we bettah git down on it.

*Sam.* I'se wid you dere 'cause I been scaired evah since I been on dis thing.

*Henry.* Ask de gent'man heah how we kin git to South State Street.

*Sam.* Mistah, how we git to South State Street.

*Man.* Catch this car comin' right here marked "Jackson Park Express."

*Sam.* Thank you sah Mistah. Henry de man say we gotta git on dis heah cah comin' right heah.

*Conductor.* Jackson Park Express. All aboard.

*Sam.* Mistah do you go neah South State Street?

*Conductor.* Yes—all aboard.

*Sam.* Come on Henry—let's git on dis heah thing.

*Henry.* De mo' I talks to you de maddah I gits.

*Sam.* Well let's sit down heah, Henry, and enjoy dis heah ride.

*Henry.* De nex' time you say ride to me I gonna hit you so hahd dat dat Indefinite Life Insurance Company gonna be sorry dey evah give you any insurance.



## Sam Gets Out

*Since their Elevated ride several days have passed. Both boys were arrested for shooting craps. They were fined \$5.00 and costs. Henry paid his fine but due to lack of funds Sam remained over night in jail so now Henry goes down to jail and pays Sam's fine. Sam gets out but almost in again.*

*Sam.* Henry, you'se jes' like a message f'm Hebben.

*Henry.* I don't know why I'se so big-hahted.

*Sam.* Whut you mean, you'se so big-hahted?

*Henry.* I done give de man yo' six dollahs an' fifty cents an' tol' him to let you out o' heah.

*Sam.* Whut you mean—you done paid mah fine?

*Henry.* Dat's just whut I done—I done give de man de six dollahs an' fifty cents an' axe him to let you out of heah.

*Sam.* Is you already paid him?

*Henry.* I done paid him ten minutes ago.

*Sam.* Hey Mistah Jailah—lemme out of heah. De fine done been paid—de fine done been paid.

*Henry.* W'y don' you shet up till de man gits ready.

*Sam.* Whut de man wanna keep me in de Jail heah if I don't b'long heah?

*Henry.* If it wasn't fo' me you'd be heah all week.

*Sam.* Henry I could jes' kiss you—I'se so happy I don't know whut to do.

*Henry.* You don't wanna kis me—whut you wanna do is han' me de money when you git it Sat'dy dat I jes' paid to git you out.

*Sam.* Henry, look up dar tow'd de do' and see if you see de man comin'.

*Henry.* Don't be so 'patient—don't be so 'patient.

*Sam.* Is I got any mail?

*Henry.* Yes—heah's a lettah I done brought you f'm 'Liza. I walked down to de postoffice in de col' and done got dis lettah fo' you.

*Sam.* Han' it to me Henry. I wanna see whut 'Liza gotta say.

*Henry.* I ain't nevah seen nobody crazy 'bout lettahs like you is. You act like de letter's got money in 'em.

*Sam.* Dis is from 'Liza sho' 'nuf. Look heah Henry, it says—Friday nite—Deah Sam—Received yo' lettah an' glad to know dat you havin' such a good time. Am goin' to a ba'becue dis week en'. De boys an' gals all wish you was heah. Write an' tell me whut you ah' doin' dis week en' durin' yo' time off o' wuk. Love an' kisses—'Liza. Henry—dat's de sweetest gal I evah saw.

*Henry.* She should see you in dis heah cell.

*Sam.* Don't tell nobody I done been in jail now.

*Henry.* If it wasn't fo' me you'd be heah too—you'd stay heah.

*Sam.* I gonna pay you back Sat'dy.

*Henry.* Heah come de man now.

*Sam.* I sho' is glad to see dat man.

*Jailer.* What's your name?

*Sam.* Mah name is Sam Smith.

*Jailer.* Your fine has been paid. Come on out of here.

*Sam.* Yes sah Mistah—an' I'se glad to git out o' heah too.

*Jailer.* Where are you goin' now?

*Henry.* I'se gonna take him back to wuk Mistah.

*Jailer.* What does he do—shoot craps for a livin'?

*Sam.* Mistah, de nex' time I see a pair o' bones rollin' I'se gonna run 'way f'm 'em.

*Jailer.* Alright get out of here and don't ever let me see you around here again.

*Sam.* No sah Mistah, you ain't gonna evah see me again.

*Henry.* Come on—let's git out dis heah place.

*Sam.* De quickah I git out dis heah place, de bettah I like it.

*Henry.* If it hadn't been fo' me—you'd-a been dar yet—you know dat, don't you?

*Sam.* Henry—you sho' is mah frien'—I gonna do somethin' fo' you some day. Henry—you know dar's all kin' o' men in dat jail. One man 'cross f'm me wanted to know if I'd tell his buddy w'en I got out to come up and see him.

*Henry.* You ain't gonna tell nobody nothin'—you goin' back to wuk.

*Sam.* I guess you right Henry—I bettah not mess with none o' dem men in jail.

*Henry.* Open dis heah do' an' let's git out heah.

*Sam.* Henry, dis sho' does feel good to be out in de air agin. I don't care how col' it is now—I'se willin' to stay out in de air. How far is de buildin' f'm heah Henry—de buildin' we workin' on?

*Henry.* Ain't no use to go back to de buildin' today—de man done told me to lay off.

*Sam.* Well, whut we gonna do now Henry? You know I'se hungry—I'se hungry Henry—len' me 'nuf money to git me somethin' to eat, will you?

*Henry.* Dar you go—borrowin' mo' money.

*Sam.* Henry—len' me a dollah, will you? I wanna git myself a dollah's wuth o' fried aigs.

..Henry. Come on—let's go in dis heah rest'rant

'cross de street but I ain't gonna len' you no dollah—I'll len' you fifty cents.

*Sam.* De food dey gimme in jail dis mornin' ain't no good—I couldn't eat it. De coffee didn't have no sugah in it.

*Henry.* Dey didn't put you in de jail-house to feed you—all dey want to do is to keep you 'live till yo' time is up.

*Sam.* I can even smell de inside o' dis heah rest'-rant befo' we gits in heah—open dis do' and come on in heah.

*Henry.* Dar's a couple seats right dar—sit down dar.

*Sam.* Whut you gonna eat, Henry? Give de man yo' ordah Henry.

*Henry.* I want some scrambled eggs and some toast.

*Waiter.* Scr-r-ramble two and butter-r-red toast.

*Sam.* Gimme de same thing Mistah.

*Waiter.* Scr-r-ramble two and butter-r-red toast—two on.

*Sam.* Henry, I'se gonna eat a piece o' apple pie, too.

*Henry.* You better go easy wid dat fifty cents—bettah fin' out how much dem eggs is gonna cost—you know things cost a lot o' money in Chicago.

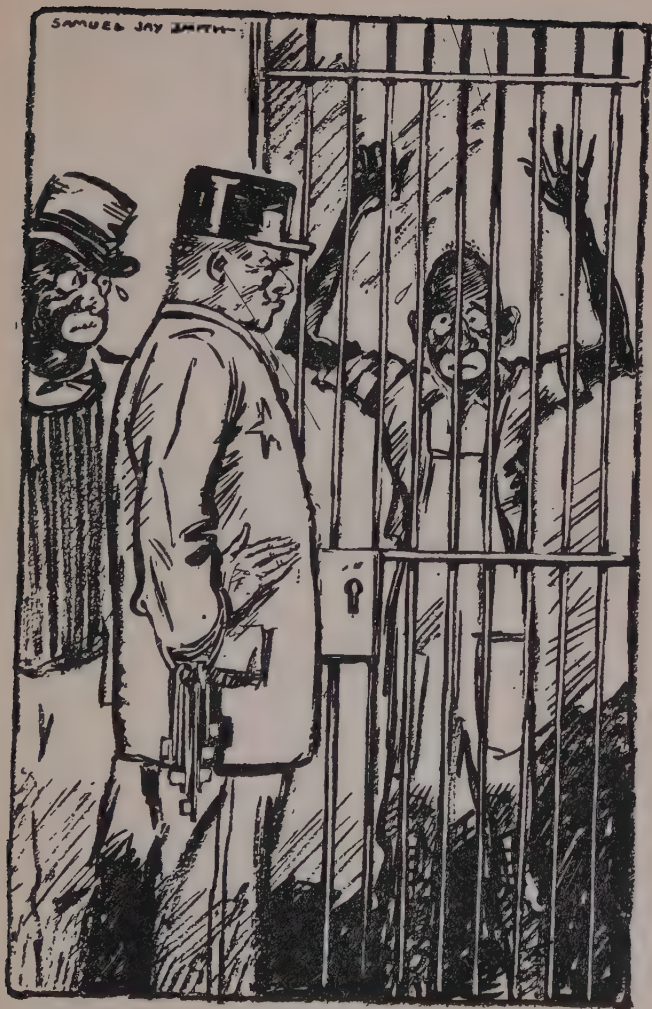
*Sam.* Henry—look at dat man down dar eatin' dat fried chicken.

*Henry.* Ain't no use fo' yo to look at no fried chicken—dat cost a lot o' money.

*Sam.* Look heah, Henry, de man eatin' dat fried chicken done got up and he's comin' ovah heah by us.

*Henry.* Don't staht no argument now.

*Man.* Say Buddy, what are you doin'?



Sam. "Hey Mistah Jailah—Lemme out of heah."

*Sam.* Whut you mean Mistah?

*Man.* I mean—where you workin'—what are you doin'?

*Sam.* We'se wukkin' on a buildin' but we'se layin' off today.

*Man.* Are you layin' off too?

*Henry.* Yes sah, Mistah, I'se layin' off.

*Man.* Come on over in the corner here—I want to talk to you.

*Sam.* Come on ovah heah Henry—let's see whut de man got to say.

*Henry.* You don't want to staht no argument with de gent'man now.

*Man.* Now can you guys keep your mouth shut?

*Sam.* Yas sah Mistah I kin keep quiet.

*Man.* How about your buddy here?

*Henry.* I ain't gonna say nothin' Mistah.

*Man.* Well, here's the dope. I just made fifty gallons of gin. It's upstairs. Now this fifty gallons of gin has gotta be put in bottles, the bottles have gotta be labeled and wrapped up and packed in cases. Now if you birds want to knock off five dollars a-piece I'll give you the job. What do you say?

*Sam.* Is it real gin Mistah?

*Man.* Why of course it's real gin— you don't think I'd be makin' poison do you?

*Sam.* Yas sah Mistah, I'll take de job.

*Man.* How about you buddy?

*Henry.* Now Mistah, Sam don't care 'bout bein' in jail—he's used to bein' in dar—but I don't want de job Mistah—I don't wanna fool wid it.

*Man.* Don't be crazy—you can't get in jail—I'll give you both a gat.

*Sam.* Whut you mean—a gat, Mistah?



*Man.* A gun—a gun—a six-shooter and then if any cops start messin' around you, bump 'em off.

*Sam.* Whut you mean "bump 'em off"—shoot 'em?

*Man.* Why certainly—before they shoot you.

*Henry.* I'se sorry Mistah, I kain't take de job—I've gotta leave heah right now.

*Man.* How about you. You want the job?

*Sam.* No sah, Mistah, I done changed my min'—I gotta go wid Henry. Wait a minute Henry—wait a minute—ain't you gonna eat dem aigs—come on back heah an' eat dem aigs.

*Henry.* I done los' mah appetite—dis heah place is too close to de jail house. You stay dar and eat de eggs.

*Sam.* No, Henry, I done los' mah appetite too—wait a minute—I'se goin' wid you.



## Views of the World Court

*In the barber shop Sam 'n' Henry exchange views with the barbers on many political matters.*

*Barber.* Hair cut?

*Sam.* Yas sah, Mistah I wanna git a hair cut and I want it cut diff'rent f'm de way I had it cut de las' time.

*Henry.* W'y don't you shet up and let de man cut yo' hair de way he want.

*Barber.* You want a hair cut too?

*Henry.* Yas sah Mistah, trim it up a little bit.

*Sam.* I tell you how I want mah hair cut Mistah. I want it cut like dat pitchah up dar on de wall.

*Henry.* How you gonna have yo' hair cut like dat picture up dar on de wall. Dat man up dar got straight hair.

*Sam.* Mistah, whut kin'-a hair cut is dat?

*Barber.* That's what you call a Valentino hair-cut.

*Sam.* Dat's whut I want Mistah—one o' dem Valentino things.

*Barber.* Do you want a Valentino hair cut too?

*Henry.* No sah Mistah, jes' cut mine anyway—jes' so you cut it.

*Barber.* Do you want your head shaved?

*Henry.* No sah Mistah, ain't no use to shave—just run de clippers all over it. I done had it cut 'bout fo' months ago. De hair suttinly do grow fas'.

*Sam.* Don't shave mah hair Mistah, 'cause I wanna put some grease on it aftah I finish.

*Barber.* I've got some nice Nelson hair dressing—it'll make your hair straight and it'll make it lay down.

*Sam.* Dat's whut I want Mistah—kin you put a paht in it?

*Henry.* Whut you want a paht in yo' hair. W'y don't you let de gent'man cut it like he want.

*Barber.* I'll fix you up.

*Shine.* Either one of you boys want a shine?

*Henry.* I don't want no shine.

*Sam.* No sah Mistah ain't no use to shine my shoes eithah—dese is ol' shoes. If I had on mah Sunday shoes it would be alright but it ain't no use to shine dese shoes.

*Barber.* Well what do you boys think of the World Court?

*Sam.* Whut is dis heah World Coht thing?

*Henry.* Ain't you done read about it in 'de papah?

*Barber.* Why, they want the United States to join the World Court.

*Sam.* Dat's right—I done read somethin' 'bout it in de mornin' papah. Dey got in a fight ovah dar, didn't dey?

*Barber.* Well I wouldn't call it a fight exactly.

*Sam.* I sees a head-line in de papah whar dey done gagged de Senators. How come dey treat 'em so rough?

*Barber.* Well, you probably misunderstood the headline. They really are just keeping the Senators quiet.

*Sam.* Henry was readin' me somethin' outa de papah de othah day 'bout de 'publicans and de Democrats.

*Barber.* Are you a Republican or a Democrat.

*Sam.* I'se a Democrat mahse'f—Henry's one too, ain't you Henry?

*Henry.* Yeh—I'se a Democrat too.

*Sam.* Whut I want to know is—whut evah be-

come o' Woodrow Wilson. He ain't de President now, is he?

*Barber.* Woodrow Wilson is dead.

*Sam.* He is? W'en did he die?

*Barber.* Why he's been dead several years. He died while Harding was in office.

*Sam.* Whut office was Harding in?

*Barber.* Why he was president of the United States after Wilson.

*Sam.* I nevah did hear much 'bout him—he didn't do ve'y much, did he?

*Henry.* Who's leadin' now, de 'publicans or de Democrats?

*Barber.* Well, that all depends—some of the Democrats are leading in the World Court and the Republicans are stronger in the League of Nations.

*Henry.* De Democrats is all down in de Souf', ain't dey?

*Barber.* Yes, when they had their last reunion in New York, it seems that all the Democrats were down South.

*Sam.* Yas sah, dat's right 'case I 'member durin' dat meetin' dey had 24 of 'em f'm Alabama. Is de League o' Nations doin' anything fo' de cullud people in Alabama?

*Barber.* Well, yes and no. The last report we've had on the League of Nations—they seem to be in what the paper called a deadlock.

*Sam.* Lemme look at dat magazine dar—I might fin' somethin' in dar 'bout de League o' Nations.

*Barber.* Here you are—here's the Police Gazette. They usually have a picture in there of either the Democrats or the Republicans.

*Henry.* Sam wouldn't know one o' dem pictures when he see it—you bettah point it out when you come to it.

*Sam.* Heah's a man on a bicycle—dat ain't no man from de League o' Nations, is it?

*Barber.* Oh no, that fellow was in the six day bicycle race.

*Sam.* Whut dey racin' fo'?

*Barber.* Why, they race for cups and prizes. I read where one fellow was in some kind of race the other day and won a silver football.

*Sam.* He kain't play wid it, kin he Mistah—whut he want wid a silvah football.

*Barber.* But getting back to the League of Nations—you'll come across a picture there of some Senator and if you'll read what it says it will tell you whether he is for or against the nation.

*Sam.* Tell me dis Mistah—if he was 'gainst de nation, what nation would he be 'gainst?

*Barber.* Well, from what I can learn the Democrats are against war.

*Sam.* Is Germany still at wah? Somebody done told me dey done stahted 'nuddah wah 'bout some-thin'.

*Barber.* Well, Germany is fighting but they really are not fighting anybody.

*Sam.* Whut did dey staht fightin' wid us 'bout? Dat was a big wah, wasn't it?

*Barber.* Well, that's just what the League of Nations is trying to find out.

*Sam.* Dey is havin' a debate now, ain't dey?

*Barber.* Yes, the papers say they are.

*Sam.* Whut is dis debate thing anyhow?

*Henry.* Ain't no use to 'splain it to him Mistah—he won't un'stand it aftah you 'splain it to him.

*Sam.* Let de man tell me whut it is. Go 'head Mistah, whut is dis heah debate thing?

*Barber.* Want me to put some tonic on your hair?

*Sam.* No sah, Mistah ain't no use to bothah 'bout de tonic.

*Henry.* I don't want no tonic on mah haid eithah Mistah.

*Sam.* Mistah finish tellin' me 'bout dat debate thing.

*Barber.* Well, the League of Nations and the Republicans and Democrats are on trial in the World Court and President Coolidge, who has been busy with other things has wired them to have a debate. So they're having one.

*Sam.* Well, who dis man Dawes I see in de papah—whut does he do?

*Barber.* Well, he's in the debate too.

*Sam.* I see dis heah man Dawes want to cut de taxes on melons. Whut kin' o' melons is dem—is dem watermelons?

*Barber.* Oh no, that's the tax cutter's name—Mister Mellons.

*Sam.* De way Henry 'splained it to me, I thought dey was talkin' 'bout watahmelons.

*Henry.* Don't be so ig'nant.—I ain't nevah said nothin' 'bout watahmelons.

*Sam.* Yes you did Henry—you told me dey was gonna cut de tax on melons.

*Henry.* I ain't said nothin' 'bout cuttin' de tax on melons.

*Sam.* Yas you did Henry—Don't you 'member w'en we was standin' down dar on de cornah—you said dat we could buy de melons widout no tax on 'em?

*Henry.* I bet I gonna cut yo' throat wid dis man's razor in a minute, if you don't shet up.

*Barber.* Alright, there you are.

*Sam.* My haid sho' do feel better now Mistah.

*Henry.* Is you through wid me too?



*Barber.* Just a second till I brush the hair off.

*Sam.* I done borrowed five dollahs f'm de boss dis mornin'. Henry I gonna pay you yo' money Sat'dy. How much I owe you Mistah?

*Barber.* That's 35 cents.

*Sam.* Heah you ah', Mistah.

*Henry.* You take mah thirty-five cents too, Mistah?

*Barber.* Yes you can pay me yours too. By the way boys, it's the duty of every American citizen to write his Congressman and let him know that he has his support so if you boys want to do a thing that will help you in the future and help the President decide what to do, write your Congressman a letter.

*Sam.* Dat's a good idea—I b'lieve I will write de Congressman.

*Barber.* Well, so long boys, come again.

*Sam.* We be back in 'bout two months. Go'bye Mistah.

*Henry.* We be back heah again for anothah haircut soon.

*Sam.* Henry, close de do' dar—don't leave de do' open when you come out de place. Henry—you know what I be'lieve I gonna do—I gonna write de Congressman. Ain't you gonna write him?

*Henry.* Whut I gonna write de man 'bout?

*Sam.* Write him 'bout de World Court, an' de League of Nations.

*Henry.* Whut I know 'bout de League of Nations?

*Sam.* Henry—dat's de big league—everybody done heard 'bout de big league—dat's de league wid New York in it and de Chicago Cubs is in it too.

*Henry.* Whut you goin' tell him 'bout de league?

*Sam.* Jes' tell him dat we'se livin' in Chicago now and we'se pullin' fo' de Cubs—we want dem to win de pennan'.

## Superstitions

*Back on the job, they are given inside work on the second floor. This is Ground Hog Day, and Henry is very "Superlicious."*

*Sam.* Henry, whut I wanna know is—did he or did he not?

*Henry.* Whut you talkin' 'bout—did he or did he not—whut kin' o' talk is dat?

*Sam.* We been talkin' 'bout it all day an' you don't know whut we talkin' bout? Dis heah's groun'-hog's day. Whut I wanna know is—did de groun' hog see his shadow or did he didn't?

*Henry.* I ain't nevah seen nobody b'lieve in crazy thing like you did in all mah life. Whut diff'ence does it make if de groun' hog seen his shadow or if he didn't see his shadow?

*Sam.* If it wasn't fo' de groun' hog de president ob de United States wouldn't know whut to do.

*Henry.* You ain't gonna stand dar an' tell me dat de groun' hog gonna interfere wid de politics, is you?

*Sam.* De groun' hog done mo' dan dat. W'en I was down in Bummin'ham, one o' dem cullud boys tol' me dat de groun' hog done caused de Johnstown flood by stayin' out in de sun too long.

*Henry.* Don't be so ig'nant—don't be so ig'nant. Whoevah heard o' de groun' hog causin' de Johnstown flood.

*Sam.* Well, whut I wanna know is—did de groun' hog see his shadow today or not?

*Henry.* You ain't gonna nevah change—you always gonna stay ig'nant, I kin see dat. You see dis heah seah on mah haid? I ain't nevah forgot dat, an' ev'y time I look in de glass an' see dat seah I

feel like I wanna beat yo'. You ain' forgot how I got dis heah scah, is you?

*Sam.* I b'lieve I is done forgot how you got dat. How did you git dat dar scah Henry?

*Henry.* Dat was 'nuddah one o' dem groun' hog ideas of yo's. We was walkin' down de street in Bummin'ham one day—you 'member dat' don't yo'? An' we stopped an' looked in de window an' you walked out in de middle o' de street an' picked up a hoss shoe and spit on it, threw it ovah you shouldah an' hit me in de haid wid it. You didn't even know whar you throwed de thing. Den you come back whar I was an' while mah haid was bust open you tol' me dat you jes had good luck.

*Sam.* I 'member dat Henry. Dat wasn't 'zackly good luck but if it hadn't been fo' yo' haid I'd busted de window.

*Henry.* And if I'd-a had any sense I'd-a busted yo' haid.

*Sam.* But Henry—dat ain't got nothin' to do wid de groun' hog. You know if dat groun' hog seen his shadow an' it stahted rainin' heah fo' 'bout fo' months, dese heah shoes o' mine's gonna staht leakin' an' we gonna do a mess o' layin' off 'cause de boss ain't gonna wuk in de rain—I know dat.

*Henry.* De groun' hog ain't got nothin' to do wid de rain.

*Sam.* Yes he is—but de only thing I don't understand 'bout it—whar is de groun' hog? If de groun' hog kin break through any o' dis cement heah in Chicago, one o' dese heah automobiles would run ovah him—den he ain' gonna see his shadow.

*Henry.* Dere you go—you superlicious 'bout eve'ything.

*Sam.* Yes sah, dat's one thing I sho' is careful o'—dese superlicious things.

*Henry.* Whut else is you superlicious 'bout?

*Sam.* I tell you one thing dat's bad luck—dat's black cats runnin' in front o' you—dey is plenty bad luck.

*Henry.* If dat's de cause o' bad luck, de day we 'rived in Chicago an' got in dat dar taxi-cab wid de man's name on de side o' it an' he cha'ged us a dollah an' se'enty five cents to take us up to de Loop an' den took de change out o' de two dollah bill and lef', dat taxi-cab must-a had a flock o' black cats undah de seat.

*Sam.* You sho' do have to be careful 'bout dese heah things.

*Henry.* I don't b'lieve in none o' dem things.

*Sam.* Don't you 'member down in Bummin'ham w'en we got de job washin' windows an' de time I walked undah de laddah you fell off de laddah and broke de glass? All dem things is bad luck, I tell you, dey're bad luck.

*Henry.* I ain't nevah seen nobody ig'nant like you is—you gits eve'thing mixed up—you didn't walk undah de laddah—you walked into de laddah.

*Sam.* But Henry, w'en I hit de laddah I was un'erneath it and de laddah jes' slid right on out.

*Henry.* Yes—an' I slid right on down on mah haid an' de window broke an' we los' de job.

*Sam.* Dat's jes' whut I'm tryin' to say Henry. Dis heah thing o' groun' hog day is bad, bad news. You nevah know whut's gonna happen on groun' hog day.

*Henry.* If you don't get crazy ain't nothin' gonna happen—sometimes I think you'se a black cat yo'sef. We bettah staht carryin' dese heah bohds an' stop standin' up heah arguin' 'bout groun' hog's day.

*Man.* Have one of you boys got a match?

*Sam.* Yes, I got a match. Kin we smoke in dis heah place?

*Man.* Why sure you can smoke in here.

*Sam.* Henry, let's us smoke a cigarette too.

*Henry.* Alright, gimme one o' yo' cigarettes.

*Sam.* Heah's a cigarette Henry—wait till I git dis heah match. Heah's a light Mistah.

*Man.* Much obliged.

*Sam.* Heah you ah' Henry.

*Henry.* I got de light—I got de light.

*Sam.* Dis heah stump o' mine suttinly do taste good. I ain't had a cigarette all day.

*Henry.* I thought you tol' me you was superlicious.

*Sam.* I is superlicious—I b'lieve in a lot o' things dat ah' bad luck.

*Henry.* Well, how come you light three cigarettes off o' one match.

*Sam.* Lor'—I did do dat, didn't I Henry—some-thin's gonna happen to us Henry—we bettah git out o' dis heah buildin' 'fore it falls down on us.

*Henry.* You de craziest man I done evah see. Ain't nothin' gonna happen to us—you jes' crazy.

*Sam.* Yes it is Henry—dis heah lightin' three cigarettes off'n one match is bad luck—somethin's gonna happen now—somethin's gonna happen jes' as sho' as yo'ah bo'n.

*Henry.* I bet I gonna hit you in de haid in a minute—you gonna have me thinking like dat aftah while.

*Sam.* Henry, dat's de wo'st thing we could-a done. Henry, you know what I bet-cha?

*Boss.* What are you guys standin' up here chewing the rag for? Do you think we're payin' you for standin' around here smokin' cigarettes and talkin'—go down and get your money.

*Sam.* Whut you mean Mistah?

*Boss.* Go down and tell the man to pay you off—you're through.

*Sam.* But Mistah, we wasnt' doin' nothin'—

*Boss.* That's just it. You're doin' nothin'—now don't talk back to me or I'll sock you both in the eye.

*Henry.* Don't argue wid de gent'man—don't argue wid de gent'man.

*Boss.* Here's your slip—take that down to the time-keeper and get your money.

*Sam.* Yes sah Mistah. Come on Henry—let's go down heah—we done been fiahed—all on 'count o' dis heah groun' hog day thing—dat stahted de whole mess. If we ain' been so superlicious, we nevah would h'a' been fiahed.

*Henry.* Dar you go wid dat WE stuff agin.

*Sam.* Jes, 'case we lit dem cigarettes—dem three cigarettes off'n de one match Henry—dat done caused de whole thing.

*Henry.* Dar you go agin—you jes' as ig'nant as you ebah was. Lightin' dem three cigarettes off'n one match ain't got nothin' to do wid it. We could lit three thousan' cigarettes off'n one match if we each had hol' o' one end o' de boa'd carryin' it when we was doin' it. Dar's de time-keepah—go on give de man de slip.

*Sam.* Heah you ah' Mistah. De man upstairs done fiahed us.

*Man.* Got a slip?

*Sam.* Yes sah, heah you ah'—heah it is.

*Man.* What's your name?

*Sam.* Mah name's Sam Smith.

*Man.* Alright here you are—\$8.25. What's your name?

*Henry.* Mah name is Henry Johnson.



*Man.* \$8.25. Here you are.

*Henry.* Thank you sah, Mistah.

*Sam.* Henry, whut we gonna do now?

*Henry.* Whut you ought to git now is a big hammah an' staht breakin' lookin' glasses—den we would have some luck. You done got me b'lievin' dat stuff now.

*Sam.* Well, come on, let's walk down de street heah Henry—we got \$8.25. I suttinly is sorry we done los' dat job.

*Henry.* We nevah would-a los' de job if you hadn't stahted talkin' 'bout all dem crazy ideas you got.

*Sam.* Look dar' layin' down in dat alley Henry—dar's a hoss-shoe.

*Henry.* Don't you mess wid dat hoss-shoe now—let dat hoss-shoe 'lone. Eve'y time I see a hoss I think o' de time you hit me in de haid wid a hoss-shoe.

*Sam.* Henry let's git dat dar hoss-shoe—I'se gonna pick it up—dat's good luck.

*Henry.* If you hit me in de haid wid dat hoss-shoe now I'se gonna break yo' neck.

*Sam.* Look heah Henry, dis heah is a big hoss-shoe.

*Man.* Say, what are you doin' around here.

*Sam.* W-w-we ain't doin' nothin' Mistah—we jes' pickin' up a hoss-shoe Mistah—an ol' hoss-shoe.

*Man.* Well, what are you doing hanging around here.

*Sam.* We ain't doin' nothin' Mistah—we jes' seen dis heah hoss-shoe.

*Henry.* Don't argue wid de gent'man—don't argue wid de gent'man.

*Man.* Well I want to know what you're doing hanging around here.

*Henry.* Tell de gent'man dat we jes' got fiahed off de job.

*Sam.* We'se lookin' fo' a job Mistah—we jes' got fiahed ovah dar on de buildin'.

*Henry.* Mistah, you don't know whar we kin git a job, do you?

*Man.* Say I tell you where you can get a job if you want a job, and easy work too.

*Sam.* Dat's de kin' o' job I like too, Mistah.

*Man.* A friend of mine by the name of Eagle Eye Johnny runs a shooting gallery down on South State street. It's about 12 blocks down from this corner. Tell him Spike sent you down there.

*Henry.* Whut did you say it was Mistah—a shootin' gall'ry?

*Man.* Yes, he runs a shooting gallery, but the work is easy.

*Henry.* Whut kin' o' wuk is it, Mistah?

*Sam.* Henry, it don't make no diff'ence whut kin' o' wuk it is—

*Henry.* Wait a minute now—wait a minute. Let de gent'man tell us whut kin' o' wuk it is.

*Man.* The work is easy.

*Sam.* Whut's de man's name again?

*Man.* Ask for Eagle Eye Johnny and tell him Spike sent you down there.

*Sam.* Alright Mistah we go down dar. Thank you ve'y much, Mistah Spike. Come on Henry, let's go.

*Henry.* Now take yo' time—take yo' time. I'm gittin' superlicious.

*Sam.* Ain't no use to git superlicious 'bout dis heah shootin' gall'ry. I know all 'bout dese heah shootin' gall'ries. Dat's whar dey shoot at birds.

*Henry.* I go wid you an' see whut dey got but if de man wants to shoot at black-birds, I'se goin'.

## At the Shooting Gallery

*The boys arrive at the shooting gallery, prepared to pick up a little extra change. As they reach their destination Eagle Eye Johnny is leaning over the counter giving his usual spiel.*

*Eagle Eye.* Step up boys and try your luck—knock the little birds down and try and ring the bell. They are six for a dime or sixteen for a quarter. One of the best indoor and outdoor sports in existence. See if your eyes are in good condition—step right up boys and try your luck—they are six for a dime.

*Sam.* Mistah, we don't wanna shoot nothin'—we lookin' fo' a man by de name o' Eagle Eye Johnny.

*Eagle Eye.* That's my name—what can I do for you?

*Henry.* Tell de gent'man whut yo' want.

*Sam.* A gent'man by de name o' Mistah Spike tol' us to come down heah—said you'd give us a job.

*Eagle Eye.* Oh yes, I remember now. You see, I put on a little exhibition in shooting once a week and I could use you very easily.

*Henry.* Whut kin' o' wuk is it, Mistah?

*Sam.* Don't make no diff'ence whut kin' of wuk it is—we do it, Mistah.

*Henry* W'y don' you shet up an' let de gent'man tell us.

*Eagle Eye.* Well, I'll tell you, the boys have named me Eagle Eye Johnny because I have made such a good reputation with the old rifle.

*Sam.* Whut you mean Mistah—you kill people?

*Eagle Eye.* Oh no—I never kill anyone unless they bother me.

*Henry.* Well we ain't gonna bothah you Mistah—we ain't gonna bothah you.

*Sam.* Whut kin o' wuk do you want us to do, Mistah?

*Eagle Eye.* Well you see, I put on these exhibitions once a week and I have to have someone to help me out.

*Sam.* Dat's soun's easy Mistah.

*Eagle Eye.* Oh, the work is very easy—very easy—and while it looks dangerous there is really no danger.

*Henry.* Whut you mean by dangah, Mistah?

*Eagle Eye.* Well I tell you what I want you boys to do. In order to create interest I always have someone to help me out. You see—you can hold a pipe in your mouth and I will pick up the rifle and bingo—I will shoot the pipe out without touching you.

*Sam.* Mistah, we must-a come to de wrong place heah—I didn't know it was dat kin' o' wuk.

*Eagle Eye.* Oh no now, you mustn't be afraid—I'll bet your buddy here will do it—how about you?

*Henry.* No sah, Mistah, I thought you wanted us to clean de guns or clean de place up. I ain't nevah had no use fo' bullets.

*Eagle Eye.* Now boys, don't be afraid—there is absolutely no danger. And you boys will be paid well for your work. You simply put these different things in your mouth and I shoot 'em out. For instance, my first shot will be shooting the fire off of a cigarette that you are smoking.

*Sam.* Dat cigarette thing done caused us to lose.

our las' job—we lit three cigarettes on one match an' we got fiahed.

*Eagle Eye.* I see you boys are superstitious.

*Henry.* We ain't 'zackly superlicious but dat's a mighty funny way to put out a cigarette.

*Eagle Eye.* Now all joking aside—I've got to have one of you boys to help me out.

*Henry.* I tell yo' whut I do Mistah—I'll let Sam do it.

*Eagle Eye.* That's fine.

*Sam.* Whut you mean, you gonna lemme do it—how come you ain't gonna do it?

*Henry.* Wait a minute Mistah—I gotta 'splain it to Sam.

*Eagle Eye.* You boys go ahead and talk it over—I'll be back in a second.

*Henry.* Now listen to me—we gotta eat, ain't we?

*Sam.* Yeh we suttinly gotta eat—dat's one thing we gotta do.

*Henry.* We gotta pay room-rent, ain't we?

*Sam.* Yeh—I agrees wid you dar—we gotta pay dat room rent.

*Henry.* Lotta times I tell you yo' ig'nant but you ain't ig'nant—you jes' have to have things 'splained to yo'—dat's all, an' I gonna 'splain to yo' now how we kin make some money.

*Sam.* Go ahaid an' 'splain it.

*Henry.* Now you done read in de paper 'bout Jack Dempsey?

*Sam.* Yeh I done read 'bout Jack Dempsey—he's de wo'ld's champion fightah.

*Henry.* Yeh—dat's right—see, you ain't so ig'nant.

*Sam.* No I got some sense—I got good sense.

*Henry.* Dat's right. Now you done heard 'bout Jess Willard an' you done heard 'bout Jack John-

son an' you done heard 'bout dis big football playah, Mistah Red Grange.

*Sam.* Yeh, I done heard 'bout all dem people—whut dey got to do wid it?

*Henry.* Now dat's jes whut I gonna 'splain to you.

*Henry.* Now all dem people is got a man'gah, an' I'm goin' be yo' man'gah.

*Sam.* Whut you mean, you gonna be mah man'gah?

*Henry.* Ev'ybody dat 'mount to anything and all dese heah big men have man'gahs. An' if you gonna take a big job like dis heah one, you need a man'gah an' I'll be yo' man'gah.

*Sam.* Whut I need a man'gah fo' on a job like dis?

*Henry.* Here's de thing. De man'gah does all de talkin' an' he makes de money and de man'gah usually gits half o' de money.

*Sam.* Whut you mean—I kain't talk?

*Henry.* You kin talk alright but it won't mean nothin'—I makes all de 'rangements, an' gits all de money—den I gives you half. Now heah come Mister Eagle Eye Johnny now an' all you gotta do is to shet up an' lemme do de talkin'.

*Eagle Eye.* Well, boys what have you decided?

*Sam.* I tell you Mistah Johnny—

*Henry.* Wait a minute now—wait a minute. I done talked dis thing ovah wid my man heah. You see Mistah Johnny, I is de man'gah an' I makes all 'rangements fo' Sam.

*Eagle Eye.* Well, that's just fine.

*Henry.* Now Sam is gonna take de job but he wants to know how much money he's gonna git.

*Eagle Eye.* Well, I'll tell you. You see this is not a profitable exhibition even for me. The only



thing it does is to draw crowds around and it's human nature for people to congregate whenever they think there's a chance of anyone being killed—that always draws a big crowd.

*Sam.* Wait a minute heah, Mistah—wait a minute.

*Henry.* W'y don't you shet up—I'm de man'gah—lemme do de talkin'. Don't pay no 'tention to him Mistah—I'll do all de talkin' fo' Sam. How much money did you say he gonna git fo' dis?

*Eagle Eye.* Well, I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll pay you by the hour. I'll give you five dollars an hour.

*Henry.* How many shots do you take at Sam in dat hour?

*Eagle Eye.* Well that all depends—it runs from a hundred on up.

*Sam.* Runs on up to whut!

*Eagle Eye.* Oh well, up to two or three hundred. Now I'll tell you, boys, tomorrow is exhibition night and in order to make sure your friend here will know what is doing and will hold perfectly still I would like to try him out now on a couple of shots. Just a couple of practice shots with your friend here holding a pipe in his mouth.

*Sam.* How long is de stem o' dat dar pipe?

*Eagle Eye.* A pipe just like this one—a regular old fashioned clay pipe. I'd like to get in a couple of practice shots tonight.

*Sam.* Mistah, as long as you jes' gonna practise, w'y don't you set dat pipe on one o' dem little birds?

*Henry.* Don't argue wid de gent'man—don't argue wid de gent'man.

*Eagle Eye.* I want to make sure that you hold perfectly still.

*Sam.* Mistah I don't like dis heah idea o' shootin' 'em outta mah mouf'.

*Eagle Eye.* Why I very seldom miss.

*Sam.* Whut you mean you ve'y *seldom* miss?

*Henry.* W'y don't you shet up? Mistah, do you wanna try him out now?

*Eagle Eye.* Yes, come on back here and let me place you. Get right under the counter.

*Henry.* Whar you want him to stan', Mistah?

*Eagle Eye.* Let him stand right here in the center—and here's the pipe. Now put this in your mouth.

*Sam.* Wait a minute Mistah—wait a minute—you ain't got none o' dem pipes like de Indians smoke, have you—one o' dem peace pipes?

*Henry.* W'y don' you shet up—de man know whut he's doin'.

*Eagle Eye.* Now hold this in your teeth and turn your head just a little.

*Sam.* Mistah, is dis pipe gonna bust right in mah eyes?

*Eagle Eye.* No—I don't touch the bowl of the pipe—I cut the stem in half just about an inch from your lips.

*Sam.* Henry—wait a minute heah—wait a minute—come on back heah Henry—wait a minute.

*Henry.* If you don't shet up I gonna knock you in de haid—de man know whut he's doin'—de man done shot 'em out o' othah people's faces—an' 'nothah thing heah—I'se de man'gah an' you ain't got nothin' to say.

*Sam.* Whut you gonna be doin' all de time de man is shootin'?

*Henry.* Dat's w'en you need a man'gah most. I'se gonna keep time 'case you'se wukkin' by de hour and I'se goin' stand behind de gent'man to

see if he's aimin' right. If I don't think de gent'man's aimin' right and if I think he's got de gun pointin' at yo' haid 'stead o' de pipe, I gonna hollah to you to move back an' bring de pipe whar de gent'man is aimin'.

*Eagle Eye.* Alright now—turn around and I'll take there two practice shots.

*Sam.* Wait a minute Mistah—wait a minute—lemme talk to my man'gah jes' once mo'—look heah now Henry, I guess de man is gonna get de aim at de pipe befo' he shoots an' befo' he pulls de triggah you look down de barrel o' de gun an' see if you think he's aimin' at de pipe.

*Henry.* De man'gah will handle all dat alright—de man'gah will take care of all dem little things—you don't have to worry—all you gotta do is to hol' de pipe.

*Eagle Eye.* Alright now, stand still once. Hold your head still. Lift your chin up a little. Now I'm going to take this looking glass and shoot over my shoulder by looking in the glass with my back toward the pipe.

*Sam.* Wait a minute Mistah—wait a minute—minute now—don' you think you bettah take dat fust shot lookin' at de pipe?

*Eagle Eye.* I can see the pipe alright—I'm looking in the glass. Hold still now—perfectly still. Wait a minute till I wipe this glass off first.

*Sam.* Wash de glass fo' de gent'man dar Henry—git de glass clean fo' de man; Mistah take dat gun off yo' shouldah till he git dat lookin' glass clean, will you?

*Henry.* Heah you ah' Mistah Johnny—dat glass is clean 'nuf.

*Eagle Eye.* Now hold perfectly still—hold perfectly still now.

*Henry.* Dat looks like you got it Mistah Johnny—just 'bout dar. (*drops glass*)

*Sam.* Whut's done happened—whut's done happened?

*Henry.* Now don't git 'cited—don't git 'cited—Mistah Johnny done dropped de lookin' glass an' broke it.

*Eagle Eye.* And that's the first looking glass I ever broke in my life.

*Sam.* You done broke de lookin' glass?

*Eagle Eye.* Yes, but I'll get another one.

*Sam.* Wait a minute now—wait a minute. Come heah Henry—I gotta talk to you.

*Henry.* Whut you wanna talk to me 'bout?

*Sam.* You'se my man'gah, ain't you, Henry? You does all de talkin' fo' me' don't you Henry?

*Henry.* Yes I does all de talkin'.

*Sam.* Tell de gent'man den dat we'll be back in seven yeahs.



## Looking Over the Want Ads

*During Henry's absence from the rooming house on South State Street, Sam gives the landlord permission to put another roomer in with them. The boys are still out of work and are trying to find a job through the want ads of a Chicago newspaper.*

*Sam.* Henry, I ain't seen so many want ads in one papah befo' in all mah life.

*Henry.* Yeh, but you gotta have some sense in ordah to git dem jobs.

*Sam.* Henry, you act like yo' mad 'bout some-thin'.

*Henry.* I *is* mad 'bout somethin'. Whut yo' wanna tell de lan'lord he could put dat man in dis heah room fo'?

*Sam.* Whut else could I say, Henry? De lan'lord done knocked on de doah an' he had de man dar wid him an' de lan'lord say "Do you boys care if I let Mr. Jackson sleep in de room wid you till we kin fin' another room fo' him." Whut was I gonna say—tell him "No" when de man was standin' right dar?

*Henry.* Whut you gotta answer de man so quick fo? You could-a tol' him to give us time to thought it ovah—'stead o' dat though, you tell him to come on in—we glad to have him—dar you go wid dat "we" stuff again.

*Sam.* Well dar ain't no use to be 'fraid o' de man.

*Henry.* Yeh but dat man looks 'spicious to me.

*Sam.* Whut you mean—de man looks 'spicious?

*Henry.* De man brought a suit case in heah an' all he had in de suit case is a neck-tie an' one shirt.

Not only dat, he had somethin' stickin' outta his hip pocket too.

*Sam.* Dat might-a been a bottle of gin, Henry.

*Henry.* Call it gin if you wanna but I think de man had a gun in his pocket. I know one thing—dat man ain't in heah fo' no good.

*Sam.* Stop talkin' like dat Henry—You gonna have me scared heah in a minute—you gonna have me so scared I ain't gonna be able to sleep heah tonight. I wonder whut dat man is gonna do Henry—he kin'-a got a bad look in his eye, ain't he?

*Henry.* Yeh—dat man is got a bad look all ovah him. I be glad w'en dey take him outta dis heah room.

*Sam.* Ain't no use to worry 'bout de man now—le's look at dis heah want ad column an' see if we kin fin' ouhse'f a job. Look heah Henry—read dis heah ad.

*Henry.* Read it yo' sef—whut do it say?

*Sam.* Heah's one dat says real-estate salesman.

*Henry.* Dar you go—you jes, as ig'nant as evah. How we gonna sell real estate when we ain't got none?

*Sam.* Heah's 'nuddah one down heah Henry—says "Men—make money in yo' spare time wid our two-in-one screw-driver."

*Henry.* Ain't but one thing 'bout dat ad dat suits us—we got plenty spare time but we kain't sell no screw drivahs.

*Sam.* Henry, if we evah 'spect to be millionaires, we gotta invent somethin'.

*Henry.* Whut you mean — we gotta invent somethin'?

*Sam.* Dat's whut eve'ybody's tryin' to do—invent somethin' like a steam shovel or som'pin'—som'pin dat dey kin do mo' wuk wid den dey do



now—You know Henry, we might git a pencil an' a piece o' papah heah an' figger out how to invent a two-haided hammer or somethin' like dat.

*Henry.* Whut you gonna do wid a two-haid hammah?

*Sam.* Drive nails wid it Henry—you kin drive twice as many nails wid a two-haid hammah as you kin wid a one-haid hammah.

*Henry.* Sam—you know sometimes I wish I'd let dat man shoot you in de haid de othah day at de shootin' gall'ry w'en you was holdin' dat pipe in yo' mouth—you de most ig'nant boy I done evah seed.

*Sam.* Let's git back heah in dis want ad column an' see if we kain't fin' a job. How much money is you holdin' Henry?

*Henry.* I got \$17.50—how much yo' got?

*Sam.* I ain't got but fo' dollahs an' twenty-five cents.

*Henry.* We gotta make some money heah too 'case we gotta pay dis heah room-rent heah Sat'dy.

*Sam.* Henry, look heah—heah's an ad heah—dey want a commercial ahtist—whut kin'-a wuk is dat Henry?

*Henry.* W'y don't you read de papah right—you know you kain't draw nothin'—de only thing dat you kin draw is to draw yo' sal'ry befo' it's due.

*Sam.* Henry—eve'ybody's advertisin' fo' a salesman. Heah's an ad says—free school o' salesman-ship—we might go to school Henry an' learn how to do dis heah thing.

*Henry.* I bet I gonna hit you in de haid wid dis heah 'larm clock heah in a minute—who gonna pay de boa'd while we goin' to school?

*Sam.* Heah's a job we might git. Heah's one f'm de Illinois Bell Telephone Co.—dey want some

telephone operatahs. Line heah says "Miss Allen will be waitin' to welcome you." We don' know nothin' 'bout no telephones, do we Henry?

*Henry.* You don't even know how to call a numbah—dat time w'en we was down at de depot and I read you dat sign on de telephone in de telephone box dat say "Buy a slug" you thought I was talkin' 'bout a slug o' gin.

*Sam.* Henry—heah's a job we might be able to git—says fo'ty fo' to eighty-eight dollahs a week—bricklayin' and plasterin' by de Chicago Bricklayin' School ink.

*Henry.* Whut you mean by dat ink on de en' o' it?

*Sam.* Heah it is—I-N-C.

*Henry.* Don't be so ig'nant—dat means "including."

*Sam.* Whut yo' reckon it mean includin', Henry?

*Henry.* Dat's whut yo' don't know 'bout dese jobs—whut dey included.

*Sam.* Heah's 'nothah one heah Henry—says wanted two men who ah' ambitious—ambitious.

*Henry.* Read dat ad now—dat soun's like somethin'.

*Sam.* It say "if you will follow my 'structions I will pay you \$35 weekly an' show you how to increase it to \$150 in two months."

*Henry.* Dat's one o' dem lottery things—ain't no use staht gamblin'—de man gonna pay you—den he gonna bet you and take de money 'way fr'm you.

*Sam.* Heah's an ad heah—wanted a footman by private fam'ly—must be experience. Whut kin' o' wuk is dat Henry—whut do a footman do?

*Henry.* You done seen all dem cullud boys shinin' shoes in dat man's place, ain't you? Dey's all footmen.

*Sam.* Henry—we don't wanna shine no shoes—let's pass dis heah footman thing up. Henry—heah's a man dat want a book-keepah.

*Henry.* Dat would be a good job fo' you, you kain't even keep track o' yo' fo' dollahs and twenty-five cents—how you gonna keep books fo' anybody?

*Sam.* Heah's an ad say, thuty-five dollahs a week while learnin'—den make a hun'erd an' twenty-five dollahs a week—Henry, let's take dat job.

*Henry.* Read whut it say—read whut it say.

*Sam.* Says, "Be experts at makin' gold crowns, plates and bridges." Wondah what kin' o' plates dat is?

*Henry.* Whut do it say again?

*Sam.* Says "Be experts at makin' gold crowns, plates and bridges." I done wuk in a glass fact'ry once w'en I was a little boy—makin' plates—dat's good 'case people's always buyin' dishes—dey break so many o' 'em. Dey build bridges too, Henry.

*Henry.* Whut kin' o' bridges do dey build?

*Sam.* Dey build bridges ovah de rivahs an' all. I wish we could git in de crown depahtment.

*Henry.* I'd ruther wuk on de inside makin' crowns dan on de outside makin' bridges—dat sounds like a purty good job—cut dat ad out. Whar is de place?

*Sam.* De McCarrie School of Mechanical Dentistry.

*Henry.* Oh—oh—don't make me any maddah dan I is.

*Sam.* Whut's de mattah Henry?

*Henry.* Don't argue wid me—don't argue wid me—jes teah dat thing up dat you jes' clipped out.

*Sam.* Heah's a 'nuddah one Henry—~~says~~ "earn big money."

*Henry.* Whut you mean—big money?

*Sam.* "Men earn f'm sixty to two hun'erd dol lahs a week."

*Henry.* Read on down dat ad—see whut dat say.

*Sam.* Say "lifetime 'ployment widout cha'ge—special offah if you act promptly—call 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. or write or phone fo' big free book."

*Henry.* Who's dat signed by?

*Sam.* Dis heah one is signed by de C-O-Y-N-E electrical school.

*Henry.* Han' me de papah—You is de mos' ig'nant man I done evah see.

*Sam.* Henry—you look at dese heah things—dar's a lot o' 'em heah—we ought to be able to fin' one.

*Henry.* All dese ads is 'bout Florida.

*Sam.* How we gonna git down to Florida?

*Henry.* Ain' nobody talkin' 'bout gonna Florida. You done had dat papah in yo' han' all night an' you ain't found nothin' yet—I done foun' somethin' now dat we kin do.

*Sam.* Read it out loud Henry—read it out loud—let me heah it.

*Henry.* Heah's one dat say "Wanted—two bright cullud men—must be willin' to wuk and neat 'pearin'." De only way dat we kin git dat job is fo' you to put on dat othah suit o' mine an' w'en we git dar lemme do de talkin'.

*Sam.* Henry—dat soun' like a good job—what else do it say dar?

*Henry.* It say "Repo't at 7:30 A. M. at de 'ployment office—Montgomery Ward & Co." You know dat's a big place.



*"Look heah Henry—read dis heah ad."*

*Sam.* I got a pair o' pants from de Montgomery Ward Comp'ny at home now. You reckon dat help us git de job if I sen' home an' git mah pants?

*Henry.* Now you don't have to git no pants—I bet dem pants got mo' holes in 'em dan a piece o' cheese.

*Sam.* Henry—let's git dat job. If 'Liza knew I was wukkin' fo' de Montgomery Ward comp'ny she'd think I was gittin' rich.

*Henry.* Dey ain't but one thing to do now—dat's to git up in de mornin' early and go ovah dar and ask de man to give us de job.

*Sam.* I'se wid you dar Henry—let's git up early an' git de job—I wish we could staht wukkin' fo' de Montgomery Ward Comp'ny. Cut date ad out de papah.

*Henry.* Alright now, we gonna git up in de mornin' an' go ovah dar an' try to git dat job.

*Sam.* Dat's de fust good luck we had since we done been heah. Henry, you know if I got a good job wid dat Montgomery Ward Comp'ny I b'lieve I could git 'Liza to come up heah f'm Bummin'ham an' marry me.

*Henry.* You ain't satisfied wid gittin' 'rested, is you? Now you wanna git married.

*Sam.* If me an' 'Liza was married now, she could darn dese heah socks o' mine.

*Henry.* Whut you wanna do though is to stay single an' buy some new socks.

*Sam.* Henry—You know whut I'se thinkin' 'bout—I jes' happened to think 'bout dat man dat's sleepin' in dis room wid us. I don' like his looks

*Henry.* Well, you tol' de man he could stay in heah.

*Sam.* I wondah whar he wuks?

*Henry.* Don' make no diff'ence whar he wuks.



—we gonna git up in de mornin' and go ovah to Montgomery Ward's and git dat job—Win' dat 'larm clock.

*Sam.* Henry—how do we git ovah dar?

*Henry.* We ask de policeman how to git ovah dar in de mornin'. We bettah git up at 5:30—come on, I'se goin' to bed.

*Sam.* De 'larm is all set.

*Henry.* Whut you gittin' ready to do at dat table?

*Sam.* I'se gonna write 'Liza a lettah Henry—I jes' gonna write her one page.

*Henry.* You gonna say somethin' on one page some day dat's gonna git you in a lot o' trouble—a lot o' trouble.



## Lunch Hour

*Through the want ads the boys secure work at a mail order house in Chicago and now we find them, during the lunch hour. The new roomer is still a man of mystery.*

*Sam.* Henry, I didn't know dis heah place is as big as it is.

*Henry.* Dis heah is a big place, ain't it?

*Sam.* An' de wuk ain't hahd eithah. Dey done had us doin' a lot o' crazy things ovah heah though.

*Henry.* It's a good thing dey keeps us wukkin' togethah 'case I kin tell you whut to do—you de mos' ig'nant boy I done evah seed. How much money you got lef'?

*Sam.* It cos' me ten cents to git ovah heah on de el'vatah an' I done paid 15 cents fo' mah lunch—dat leaves me fo' dollahs even. How much money is you got, Henry?

*Henry.* I got seventeen dollahs an' two-bits.

*Sam.* I gotta make dis heah fo' dollahs last me till Sat'dy, you know. I asked one o' de boys w'en we draw de money—he said we git paid Sat'dy.

*Henry.* You bettah hol' on to it 'case I ain't gonna len' you no money. An' you know we gotta pay de boa'd Sat'dy too, an' you ain't gonna draw so heavy ovah to dis heah place fo' jes' workin' two days.

*Sam.* Henry, you reckon ouh boa'd will be any cheapah since dey put dat dar man in dar wid us down at de boa'din' house?

*Henry.* You de one done tol' de lan'lor' to put him in dar—w'y didn't you ask de lan'lor' to make us a cheapah rate?

*Sam.* You know Henry—I think 'bout dat man all durin' de day—I wondah who dat man is—you know he didn't come in at all las' night.

*Henry.* Dat man looks tricky to me too—all I gotta tell you is to keep yo' eye on dat man dat's roomin' wid us—he ain't gonna bothah me 'case I'se too slick fo' him.

*Sam.* Dat's one thing 'bout you Henry. You knows how to handle yo'se'f. I'se de one dat's gotta to be careful—dat man's liable to hit me in de haid.

*Henry.* Whut de man wanna hit yo' in de haid fo'—you ain't got nothin'. You heard whut I said de other day w'en he was in de room—I tol' him you'se de one dat had all de money, 'case I don't want de man messin' 'round me—I don't want to hurt him.

*Sam.* Whut you wanna tell de man I got money fo'—I don't want him hittin' me in de haid.

*Henry.* The man ain't goin' too—I jes' wanna tell you one thing—you wanna hol' on to dis heah job we got heah now 'case dis is a good job.

*Sam.* I thought de man was gonna fiah me dis mornin'.

*Henry.* Whut you mean—de man gonna fiah you?

*Sam.* He sent me all ovah dis heah buildin' lookin' fo' somethin'—I couldn't fin' it.

*Henry.* Whut did de man send you aftah?

*Sam.* De man down in de shippin' room tol' me to git him a lef'-handed monkey wrench.

*Henry.* Did you git de lef'-handed monkey wrench?

*Sam.* Took me an hour an' a half to try to fin' one an' I ain't never foun' one yet. Ev'ybody I go to—dey would send me to somebody else.

*Henry.* Whut did you tell 'em—whut did you tell 'em?

*Sam.* I tol' 'em dat de shippin' clerk wanted a lef'-handed monkey wrench.

*Henry.* Sam—you don't mean to sit dar an' tell me dat you couldn't fin' none.

*Sam.* Ev'ybody kep' sendin' me f'm one place to 'nother—I done been all ovah dis heah plant.

*Henry.* W'y don't you use yo' haid—I had de same thing to happen to me dis heah mornin' but I let de man know dat I had some sense.

*Sam.* Whut happened to yo', Henry?

*Henry.* De man tol' me to put dat big box up on de table but to git a pair o' sky-hooks to pick it up wid an' to be sho' an' use sky-hooks.

*Sam.* Whut in de world did you do—whar did you fin' de sky-hooks?

*Henry.* I fooled de man—I lifted de box up dar wid my han's while de man stepped out fo' a minute an' w'en de gent'man come back an' axed me did I take care of de job alright I tol' him "Yeh, I done borrowed a pair of sky-hooks, picked de box up wid 'em and den give 'em back to de man I got 'em f'm."

*Sam.* I suttinly is glad we got dis heah job though—dis heah Montgomery Ward Comp'ny is a big place—I gonna write 'Liza tonight and tell her 'bout it.

*Henry.* Whut did de man say you gonna staht doin' tomorrow?

*Sam.* De man gonna put me in de shippin' room. You know whut done happened today? One o' dem gent'men done promised to gimme two o' dese heah Montgomery Ward catalogues. I tol' him I wanted one to sen' home an' one to keep down at de room.

*Henry.* I ain't nevah heard o' nobody wantin' catalogues befo'—whut you want wid a catalogue—you kaint buy nothin' aftah you git it.

*Sam.* Well Henry, it's got pretty pitchahs in it—'Liza's havin' a birfday soon—I'll send it to her fo' a birfday present.

*Henry.* Dar you go—talkin' 'bout 'Liza again. Is yo' thinkin' 'bout marryin' dat gal?

*Sam.* I tol' 'Liza dat I'd send fo' her soon as I make some money an' we git married.

*Henry.* De minute you git married you gonna staht havin' lots o' trouble.

*Sam.* Henry, w'y don' you git married?

*Henry.* Whut I wanna git married fo' an' have some woman beatin' me all de time?

*Sam.* Ain't nobody gonna beat yo'—whut yo' wife gonna beat you 'bout?

*Henry.* S'pose you go out at night and don' git home till 'bout 11 o'clock an' yo' s'posed to be dar at 9 o'clock on' you open de doah, you wife gonna bust you right in de haid wid a rollin' pin.

*Sam.* 'Liza ain't dat kin o' gal Henry—'Liza's jes' a sweet gal, dat's all.

*Henry.* Yeh—she's sweet till you staht messin' wid her. All you gotta do is to jes' do somethin' wrong once an' 'Liza be jes' like any othah gal—she'll knock you in de haid.

*Sam.* I wish 'Liza was up heah an' could see us out heah at dis heah Montgomery Ward Comp'ny.

*Henry.* Whut good would it do 'Liza to see us wukkin' out heah?

*Sam.* De man tol' me dis mornin' if I wukked real ha'd an' stay heah long 'nuf I might be one o' de night watchmen.

*Henry.* Dat's w'en yo' trouble wid 'Liza's gonna staht.

*Sam.* Whut you mean—mah trouble's gonna staht?

*Henry.* If you'se night watchman at de Montgomery Ward Comp'ny you gotta stay awake all night an' you gotta sleep all day. How you goin' evah talk to 'Liza—you be so sleepy w'en you git home.

*Sam.* 'Liza tol' me once dat no mattah whut I had to do she'd help me do it.

*Henry.* Yeh—dat all soun's fin' but I kin see dat you ain't had no 'sperience wid women.

*Sam.* But 'Liza's diff'rent.

*Henry.* Oh—oh—dar you go—how come you claim 'Liza's diff'rent—dat's whut you think.

*Sam.* I know 'Liza though—'Liza tol' me dat she would stick to me through thick an' thin.

*Henry.* Dat's de speech dat eve'ybody makes. W'en things is thick, you'se alright, but w'en things is thin—an' w'en yo' bank-roll's thin an' 'Liza's shoes git thin, den she forgit she evah done made dat speech.

*Sam.* But 'Liza says she's willin' to go to wuk.

*Henry.* And s'pport you?

*Sam.* Whut I want her to s'pport me fo'?

*Henry.* Well, you ain't got but fo' dollahs, is you—how you gonna s'pport anybody? Dat's w'en de trouble commences.

*Man.* Is you cullud boys wukkin heah fo' de Montgomery Ward Comp'ny?

*Sam.* Yessah, Henry 'n' me's both wukkin heah.

*Man.* How long is you boys been wukkin heah?

*Sam.* We jes' stahted heah today.

*Man.* Whar is you boys f'm?

*Henry.* We'se f'm Bummin'ham Mistah.

*Man.* You boys look like you purty hones' so I tell you what I'm gonna do.



*Sam.* Whut you gonna do, Mistah?

*Henry.* W'y don't you shet up an' let de man talk?

*Man.* I been workin' heah fo' de Montgomery Ward Comp'ny fo' fo' yeahs. Some o' de boys dat I know 'round mah neighborhood done fo'med a cullud lodge and it's a good one too. I is one o' de chairmen.

*Sam.* Whut is de name o' it Mistah—I allus did wanna git in a cullud lodge.

*Man.* You kain't git in widout bein' 'vestigated though.

*Henry.* Let de man finish whut he got to tell us heah—keep quiet.

*Man.* When I said 'vestigate—I mean we 'vestigate you right back to de day you was born. Now I'se gonna give you boys two applications.

*Sam.* Kin we git in de lodge Mistah?

*Man.* Dat all depends on whut de committee repohts on yo' applications. Now, today is Friday—fill out dese heah application blanks an' give 'em to me befo' you leave heah tonight. I'se wukkin ovah dar on dat dar freight cah you see dar an' den you repoht down to de hall Tuesday night w'en we have ouh meetin' and you be initiated den. Dat gives us time to look up yo' pas' hist'ry.

*Sam.* Dat suttinly does soun' good, don' it Henry?

*Henry.* Dat's alright—dat's alright.

*Sam.* You gonna join, ain't you, Henry?

*Henry.* Axe de gent'man how much it's gonna cos' us.

*Man.* It costs you ten dollahs initiation an' den you pay five dollahs a yeah.

*Sam.* Do we have to pay dat ten dollahs down Tuesday night?

*Man.* No—you kin pay half o' it down den and pay de other half in one month.

*Sam.* Dat's alright—I kin do dat—you kin do dat too Henry.

*Henry.* Dat ain' so bad—dat ain' so bad.

*Man.* Now heah's de two application blanks. De name o' de Fraternity is "Jewels o' de Crown." Heah's de address 'n ev'ything right on de application blank. You wanna be dar Tuesday night at 8 o'clock. Now you boys gonna be dar?

*Sam.* Yessah Mistah we'll be dar.

*Man.* An' den Wednesday I wanna see you wearin' dis pin on yo' coat.

*Sam.* Lemme git a close look at dat pin.

*Man.* Heah it is—a skeleton's haid wid cross daggahs below his chin.

*Sam.* Dat's enough Mister—dat's enough—I done seen enough o' it.

*Henry.* I done seen it too.

*Man.* Alright boys, bring me dose application blanks filled out befo' you leave today. See you latah.

*Sam.* Go'bye Mistah, go'bye. Henry, dat soun's like dat's a good lodge. You gonna join, ain't you, Henry?

*Henry.* I ain't crazy 'bout joinin' de thing but I will join it.

*Sam.* I wondah if dat time I was in jail will have anything to do wid keepin' me out o' de lodge.

*Henry.* Don't say nothin' 'bout bein' in jail, dat's all you got to do.

*Sam.* I likes de name o' de thing too—de Jewels o' de Crown.

*Henry.* Oh—oh—ev'ybody goin' back to wuk now—look heah.

*Sam.* Come on Henry, let's git back on de job. Henry—you know one thing—aftah we is members o' dis Jewels o' de Crown an' dat man down at de roomin' house staht messin' wid us, we kin tell de brothers down at de lodge 'bout him an' dey fix him.

*Henry.* Dar you go—talkin' 'bout dat man agin—come on, let's git to wuk.

*Sam.* But Henry— dat's a good lodge to b'long to.



## Their First Bus Ride

*Having been paid, they decide to take a bus ride and they go to the corner of State and Randolph to get the bus going North.*

*Sam.* Henry—heah comes a bus numbah 51—I wondah whar dat bus goes.

*Henry.* Don't make no diff'rence whar de bus goes—jes' so dey don't chahge us but ten cents.

*Sam.* Dat's whut de man tol' us down at de roomin' house—we could ride fo' ten cents.

*Henry.* Come on now, de bus is stoppin'—let's git on de thing.

*Conductor.* Seats on the upper deck only. Step lively please, step lively.

*Sam.* Mistah how we git on de uppah deck?

*Conductor.* Right up the stairs there—right up the stairs.

*Henry.* Don't argue wid de gent'man—don't argue wid de gent'man.

*Sam.* Come on Henry—up dese heah steps—don't fall off dis heah thing now.

*Henry.* Let's take dese two seats ovah heah in de back.

*Sam.* Does you reckon dis heah thing's gonna tu'n ovah Henry—I don't like dis thing much.

*Henry.* Dey ain't none o' em tu'ned ovah yet—dese people know whut dey'se doin'.

*Sam.* Dey suttinly do run 'long easy, don't dey?

*Henry.* Dey got rubbah tiahs on 'em.

*Sam.* Look at dat conductah Henry—he looks like a soldiah.

*Conductor.* Low bridge ahead—kindly remain seated please.

*Henry.* Whut yo' doin'—whut yo' doin'?

*Sam.* I'se gonna git down in de seat heah—I ain't gonna let dat bridge hit me.

*Henry.* Sit up in dat seat—dat bridge ain't gonna hurt yo'—I'se bigger'n you is an' you don't see me duckin', do you?

*Sam.* Um—um—Henry, take yo' hat off—dem wiahs dar didn't miss yo' haid but dis fa'.

*Henry.* Dat was kin'-a close shave, wasn't it?

*Sam.* Henry, you suttinly kin see ev'ything f'm up heah. Dis is whut I call spendin' ten cents good.

*Henry.* Now heah comes de busy street up heah at de cornah—see dat light on it up dar.

*Sam.* I ain't nevah seen so many automobiles in all mah life—look how fas' dey goin' Henry—it's a wondah dey don't 'rest 'em all fo' 'ceedin' de speed limit.

*Henry.* Dey all done stopped now—you see dat? Now it's our turn to move.

*Sam.* Henry—dis sho' is nice ridin', ain't it. Henry—look back down de street dar behin' us at all dem automobiles.

*Henry.* Don't staht lookin' behin' us now—look in front o' us. Don't let's miss none o' dese heah sights.

*Sam.* Look in de windows heah Henry—look at all dem things in de windows.

*Henry.* Whut you want to look in de windows for—you can do dat when you walkin' on de groun'.

*Sam.* Ain' dat a purty buildin'—dat's a white buildin'—Look, it's got a clock on top of it too—dat's de biggest clock I evah done saw. Wondah whut buildin' dat is Henry.

*Henry.* Dat's de Woolwo'th Buildin'.

*Sam.* I thought de Woolwo'th Buildin' was in Washington.

*Henry.* Don't be so ig'nant—don't be so ig'nant.

*Conductor.* Kindly have your fares ready please.

*Henry.* Heah whut de man say up in front dar?

*Sam.* I got my ten cents right heah in mah hand  
*Henry.*

*Sam.* Look at dat othah buildin' over dar, will you—dat suttinly is way up in de air—wondah whut buildin' dat is Henry?

*Henry.* I kin see dat you ain't nevah read no books—dat's Washington's Monument.

*Sam.* Suttinly is purty, ain't it. I wondah if people lives in dar?

*Henry.* Suttinly people lives in dar—George Washington used to live in a little house right whar dat monument is now so dey put up a monument dar jes' whar his home used to be.

*Sam.* Suttinly is pretty.

*Conductor.* Fares please. Put it right in here.

*Sam.* Dat thing jes' sucks de money right outta yo' hand, don't it? Dat suttinly is a little cash registah.

*Henry.* But dat cash registah holds a lot o' dimes. You kin git fo' or five hun'erd dimes in one o' dem things.

*Sam.* We sho' is shootin' 'long heah—look heah boy, we jes' sailin' 'long—we goin' 'bout fifty mile an hour, ain't we?

*Henry.* If dis heah thing should tuhn ovah don't grab me now—you jes' jump outta de way an' I gonna jump too.

*Sam.* Don't let's talk 'bout de thing turnin' ovah. Henry, ain't dem bill boa'ds purty. I suttinly do like to read de billboa'ds.

*Henry.* We got dem down in Bummin'ham.

*Sam.* Dey ain' so purty as dese though Henry.



*Henry.* Look at 'em ovah dar—see—dey buildin' some mo' buildin's up heah.

*Sam.* Look at dat man up in de air dar on dat scaffold'. You know I'm glad we wukkin' at Montgomery Ward Comp'ny on de groun' 'stead o' up in de air on one o' dem things buildin' buildin's.

*Henry.* Ain't dat a big house dar?

*Sam.* Um—um—dat covahs 'most a block, don' it? But dat ain't as tall as Washington's Monument—I wondah whut place dat is Henry.

*Henry.* Don't make no diff'rence whut place dat is—it's just a buildin' dat's all.

*Sam.* Suttinly is a big one, I know dat. Look heah Henry it's got little sto'es all un'erneath it down in de cellah heah.

*Henry.* Dem don't 'mount to much—dem is 'jes little sto'es—dem is cheap sto'es.

*Sam.* Look at dat dress in de window—ain' dat purty. I suttinly would like to buy 'Liza somethin' like dat fo' her birthday.

*Henry.* You bettah sen' 'Liza dat Montgomery Ward catalogue an' be satisfied.

*Sam.* Henry—dis is de bes' ride I evah had in mah life.

*Henry.* Whut you holdin' on to mah arm fo'—dis heah thing ain't gonna tu'n ovah.

*Sam.* Look heah Henry—heah's de Ocean out heah—look.

*Henry.* Don't hollah so loud—don't 'hollah so loud—I done tol' you w'en we fust come to Chicago and got in dat automobile wid de man dat dat ain't no ocean—dat's de lake—dis ain't even de same lake dat you seen down town.

*Sam.* Henry dat's a might big boat to be out on dat lake. Whar do de boats dock heah—whar is de levee?

*Henry.* De levee's up heah highah on de lake some place. Look at dem buildin's ovah heah on de lef'—ain't dey somethin'?

*Sam.* Um—um, dey suttinly is purty. You know I'd like to live in one o' dem buildin's some day.

*Henry.* De on'y way you'll ever git in one o' dem buildin's is to take some groceries in dar f'm de market.

*Sam.* I suttinly do like to look out heah at de ocean.

*Henry.* Don't let nobody heah you call dat a ocean.

*Sam.* Look heah Henry—we'se gittin' ready to go in de woods heah.

*Henry.* Dis heah ain't no woods—dis is some kin' o' pahk 'r sompin'. Ask dat gent'man in front of you whut place dis is.

*Sam.* Mistah whut place is dis we in heah now?

*Man.* Lincoln Park.

*Sam.* Heah whut de man say Henry—dis pahk belongs to Mr. Lincoln.

*Henry.* Oh yes—I done read 'bout dis—Abraham Lincoln done give dese people de pahk 'fore he died.

*Sam.* Yes—Mistah Lincoln suttinly did do a lot o' things, didn't he? Day ought to have a pitchah o' him or a statue o' him or sompin' in heah.

*Henry.* Dar's a statue up dar now. Dat might be him on dat hoss.

*Sam.* Dat's right—'cause he was a great man fo' animals.

*Henry.* Lemme see if I kin read de name on dat thing. Dat's Grant.



Sam—"Does you reckon dis heah thing's going to  
tu'n ovah?"

*Sam.* Dat ain't Mistah Grant, sho' 'nuf, is it?

*Henry.* Yeh—you done heard 'bout Grant—dars his name dar G-R-A-N-T. He fought in de war wid General Lee.

*Sam.* Whut war was dat Henry?

*Henry.* Dat was de Spanish-'merican War.

*Sam.* Whar was we w'en dat war was goin' on?

*Henry.* We was in Bummin'ham—you don't 'member nothin' 'bout dat—dat was all fought in Spain.

*Sam.* Henry I do 'member sompin' 'bout dis heah Grant thing—I seen a picture o' Grant's Tomb—but dey done changed it since dey took dat pitchah.

*Henry.* Dis suttinly is a big pahk—I ain't nevah seen no pahk as big as dis one. I be glad w'en we git outta de park, 'case I done seen plenty trees.

*Sam.* You know Henry—'Liza wrote me a lettah an' tol' me to be sho' an' look at de Wrigley Buildin' I b'lieve I'll axe de conductah whar de Wrigley Buildin' is 'case I wanna write 'Liza all 'bout it.

*Henry.* Go on now—ask de conductoh but hurry up.

*Sam.* You wait heah Henry—I gotta go down stairs to axe him—don't leave now—wait heah till I come back.

*Sam.* Come on Henry quick—de man say we git off here at de next stop—come on—he done pushed de bell—de bus is stoppin'.

*Henry.* We gotta git off at de next corner?

*Sam.* Come on Henry—don't talk 'bout it—let's git off dis heah thing—it's stoppin'.

*Henry.* Wait till it stop now—don't hop off till it stops.

*Sam.* Henry—it feels purty good now to be down

on de groun', don't it, after we been up in de air like dat.

*Henry.* Whut I want to know is—why did de man tell us we had to git off here?

*Sam.* I axed de man how we could see de Wrigley Buildin'—he told us to git off at de nex' stop an' catch a bus goin' de othah way. He said we done passed it.

*Henry.* Sam, dey ain't but one thing foah me to do to you—dat's to hit you in de haid. You de most ig'nant man I done evah seen.

*Sam.* Ain't no use to git mad Henry. I thought you wanted to see de Wrigley Buildin'.

*Henry.* Whut I wanna git off de bus to see de Wrigley Buildin' fo'?

*Sam.* Henry, ain't no use to git mad—I ain' nevah seen you mad as dis befo'. I didn't want to git down any mo' dan you did. Mah feet hu't me so bad I kin hahdly stan' up.

*Henry.* Whut yo' wanna tell de man dat fo'—I got a good notion to knock yo' in de haid.

*Sam.* Henry, I'se sorry if I done made you mad—I like to ride too Henry—mah feet is jes' killin' me Henry—I kain't stan' up on 'em—I got co'ns on ev'ry toe I got. Henry—does yo' feet hu't like dat?

*Henry.* Ain' nothin' de matter wid mah feet—I'se just mad wid you, dat's all—you de mos' ig'nant man I done evah seed. I don't know whethah to hit you in de haid or not—but I think I gotta bettah idea dan dat.

*Sam.* Henry—don't you do nothin' to me now—I'se sorry—whut you wonna do?

*Henry.* How much money you got?

*Sam.* I got 'leven dollahs an' 20 cents.

*Henry.* Hand me de 'leven dollahs an' 20 cents

a minute—I gonna show yo' sompin'.

*Sam.* Heah it is Henry—heah's de 'leven twenty—whut you gonna do wid it?

*Henry.* You is de one dat caused me to git off dat bus, ain't you?

*Sam.* Yeh Henry—but I didn't know dat you didn't wanna see de Wrigley Buildin'.

*Henry.* An' you just told me dat yo' feet hu't yo', don't dey?

*Sam.* Henry—mah feet is killin' me.

*Henry.* Now I got yo' money an' jes' for bein' so ig'nant I gonna walk you back to de Loop.

*Sam.* Henry—I kain't walk to de Loop with dese heah feet—gimme mah money an' lemme ride down dar.

*Henry.* Come on heah—we gonna walk to de Loop if it kills you.

*Sam.* Henry, I kain't walk to de Loop—look heah Henry, mah feet is so' and all swelled up—I kain't walk dat far.

*Henry.* Don't argue wid me—don't argue wid me.





## At the Fortune Teller

(This episode on Victor Record.)

*Sam, desirous of knowing more about his sweetheart Liza, back in Birmingham, finally persuades Henry to accompany him to a fortune teller known as the "Prince of Wisdom."*

*Prince.* Gentlemen, have a chair.

*Sam.* Yas sah.

*Prince.* It is a great strain upon my mentality in order to give you information that will prove both beneficial and instructive in the future. Therefore I must tell you gentlemen that it becomes necessary to ask you to keep perfectly quiet—not to speak until I have told you to speak. And in order to give you what, we of the old country, call a perfect reading I must ask that you give me your undivided attention—dismiss every other thought from your mind and concentrate on Allah. Ask me no questions but all information that you shall hear will come from within this crystal. Dó you understand?

*Sam.* Yes sah Mistah.

*Prince.* Do you understand also?

*Henry.* Yes sah Mistah.

*Prince.* I will first ask that you each place one dollar on the table. Now I will dim the lights and the crystal will reveal to the world secrets that are only known to Allah. Do you gentlemen want a reading—do you want a reading of the present—or do you want a reading of the future?

*Sam.* Mistah, w-w-w-we know all 'bout de pas'—whut we want to know 'bout is de future, ain't it Henry?

*Henry.* Don't make no diff'rence to me.

*Sam.* Mistah, kin I ask you one question?

*Prince.* Be brief in your requests, my man.

*Sam.* Would you min' turnin' on some lights 'round heah—I don't like it so da'k.

*Henry.* How's de spirits gonna come out in de light—w'y don't you shet up b'fore I hit you in de haid.

*Prince.* I see in the crystal that you men are not natives of Chicago. Is that correct?

*Sam.* Yes sah dat suttinly is de truf.

*Henry.* Yes sah Mistah you'se right.

*Sam.* Mistah, kin you tell us whut paht o' de country we come from?

*Prince.* I can see in the crystal that you men come from the South.

*Sam.* Um—um—you ain't done nothin' but tol' us de truf now.

*Henry.* Yes sah Mistah we'se from Bummin'-ham.

*Sam.* Mistah, kin you tell us whut State we'se f'm?

*Prince.* Be perfectly quiet—I think I can tell you—Allah—allah—aa-a-a-ah, you are from Alabama.

*Sam.* I'se gittin' scared o' dis heah place—dat man knows things.

*Prince.* Concentrate—concentrate again.

*Sam.* On whut?

*Henry.* W'y don't you shet up an' do whut de man say?

*Prince.* I can see a woman in the crystal.

*Henry.* Dat don't int'res' me.

*Sam.* Wait a minute Henry—let him tell us 'bout it.

*Prince.* This woman concerns one of you two.

*Sam.* Yes sah dat's right, dat's right.

*Prince.* And it points to you—she is far away.

*Sam.* Dat's right Mistah, dat's my gal.

*Prince.* Her name appears but it is very faint—I can hardly distinguish the letters. I cannot make out the first three letters. Give me the first three letters of the girl's name.

*Sam.* Dey is L-I-Z.

*Prince.* Allah—Allah—Aa-a-a-a-h her name appears very plainly—'Liza, is that correct?

*Sam.* Yes sah, dat sho' is right.

*Prince.* 'Liza loves you. She is thinking about you now and wants to be near you. Let me see your hand.

*Sam.* Heah it is Mistah.

*Prince.* A-a-a-a-h, you are going to get married.

*Sam.* Whut else do it say Mistah?

*Prince.* Your life line shows abundance of mentality at an old age which will prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that you will become one of the country's most prominent citizens. You will eventually do things that will astonish the universe and you will go down in history beside the names of Booker T. Washington and other great American citizens. Let me see your hand.

*Henry.* Heah you ah', Mistah.

*Prince.* You are the brains, the strength and guidance—you are dominating and you have a spirit of saving. You are a great advisor and your advice is always good. Your life line shows riches and jewels—you too will go down into history along with your friend here and other great American citizens as doing a great good in this world. But Oh I see in the crystal—I see sadness. I see sorrow—I see grief—and even death, if you are not careful. A mysterious man is coming in the lives of both of you. You have seen this man but you

may not have realized the danger of this terrible creature.

*Sam.* I know who yo' talkin' 'bout Mistah—I know who yo' talkin' 'bout. Henry he's talkin' 'bout dat man down at de house dar.

*Henry.* Dat's right—dat's right—dat man is a dang'rous lookin' man.

*Sam.* Mistah, tell us some mo' bout dis heah man, will you?

*Prince.* Gentlemen, you realize the tremendous strain upon me when I go in a trance. In order to find out more about this dangerous character about to come into your life, it becomes necessary that I deaden every muscle in my body except my brain and go into what is known as a mental state of coma. While I am in this state, my eyes are open but I cannot see—I talk but I cannot hear—and I move but I cannot feel. I will do this for you gentlemen and reveal more of this important information for two dollars.

*Sam.* It suttinly is wuth de money Henry, to know 'bout dat man.

*Henry.* Give de man two dollahs.

*Sam.* Let's each one of us give a dollah. Heah's my dollar Mistah. Give de man a dollah Henry.

*Henry.* Yo'ah de one dat want to know 'bout dis 'sterious man.

*Sam.* Mistah will you do it fo' one dollah?

*Prince.* My price is two dollars for this extraordinary demonstration.

*Sam.* Two dollahs is yo' cheapes' price, is it, Mistah?

*Henry.* Don't argue wid de gent'man—don't argue wid de gent'man—give de man de two dollahs.

*Sam.* Heah you are Mistah—heah's de othah dollah.

*Prince.* Now gentlemen, be very quiet and I am going into a trance. O-o-o-o-h—Allah. O-o-o-o-h Allah—I see—I see a mysterious man—he is dark—he comes and he goes—he comes and he goes—a man of mystery—he goes and he comes—he comes and he goes—he is planning—he is scheming—now gentlemen while I am in this trance lay down a dollar on the table and I will tell you what he is scheming.

*Henry.* Lay down a dollah quick befo' de gent'-man gets outta de trance.

*Sam.* Heah you are Mistah—heah's de dollah on de table.

*Prince.* He is planning to get you.

*Sam.* I knew he would be aftah me.

*Henry.* Be quite—be quite.

*Prince.* And he realizes that your friend is too great for him—too clever for him—but he is after you so take my advice while I am floating in the air—be careful of this mysterious man..... Now gentlemen, I am out of the trance. If you gentlemen will come back next week I will give both important information at reduced rates for your second visit. This information I have given you today will benefit you only on one condition—that you do not mention your visit here to a single soul. Keep it a dark secret—return next week and I will have more news for you. You can find me here at night until eleven o'clock. That concludes my reading—the crystal has told all.

*Sam.* Um—um, dat suttinly was sompin'—thank you Mistah we goin' be back to see you.

*Henry.* Come on, let's git out o' heah. Go' day Mistah.

*Prince.* Goodbye my friends—come here again next week—I will have important news for you.

*Sam.* Yes sah, we be back. Come on Henry, close de do'.

*Henry.* I'se glad dat thing's ovah. I don't know whether to b'lieve dat man 'r not.

*Sam.* Didn't you heah de man tell us all 'bout 'Liza. Dat man knows whut he's doin'.

*Henry.* Yeh—but dey ain't but one thing 'bout dat man dat was funny to me.

*Sam.* Whut was dat, Henry?

*Henry.* Dat trance bis'ness. Dat was funny to me.

*Sam.* How come?

*Henry.* You know de man said w'en he went in de trance dat he couldn't feel nothin'—he said he couldn't heah nothin' and he said he couldn't see nothin'.

*Sam.* Dat's right—dats' right.

*Henry.* But w'en you laid dat dollah bill down on de table his han' went right ovah whar it was an' picked it up.

*Sam.* Dat ain't nothin'—he was still in de trance—he didn't know whut he was doin'.

*Henry.* Yeh—but if you'd a laid down fifty cents 'stead of a dollah, you'd a stahted a-nothah argument.



## In the Ante-Room At the Lodge

*We find the boys now in the ante-room of the colored lodge known as the Jewels of the Crown, preparing to enter the main hall for the most serious part of their initiation.*

*Sam.* Mistah, how long do we stay in dis heah little room heah?

*Man.* Dat is jes whut I'se gittin' ready to tell you. Now de fust thing to do is for both of yo' boys to put dis heah cap on wid de skeleton haid an' de cross daggahs in de front.

*Sam.* I ain't nevah liked no skeleton's haid.

*Henry.* Dese heah caps kain't bother you—all you gotta do is to put 'em on yo' haid—ain't dat right, Mistah?

*Man.* Dat's right—dese caps kain't bothah you. Now I want you boys to listen to dis speech I'se gonna make to you befo' we goes into de big hall. I may has to glance at dis piece o' papah dat I has heah 'cuse I ain't quite memo'ized de speech. Dis heah's a new fraternity and I'se a little slow on memo'izin'.

*Sam.* Dat's alright Mistah—you kin jes' read it off de papah if you wanna.

*Henry.* Why don't you shet up an' let de man do whut he gonna do.

*Man.* Heah is de speech. You are now 'bout to enter de chamber which is managed, controlled, run and dominated by de most precious of all jewels, de Diamon'. W'en you speak to de Diamon' he should always be 'dressed as.....wait a minute now, I got to look at dis heah papah.

*Sam.* Dat's alright Mistah—take yo' time.

*Man.* Heah it is—heah it is—he should always be 'dressed as "Most Sparklin' Jewel." Dis heah lodge is composed of many Jewels, all o' which fo'ms whut is known as de Crown. Thus de lodge gits it's name—"Jewels of de Crown." Unlike other fraternities we have seben chairmen 'stead of fo' 'case we wanna make sho' dat you is fully protected by dese seben Jewels, which includes de Diamon'.

*Sam.* Whut I wanna know is Mistah—how kin you tell de Diamon' f'm de othah Jewels?

*Henry.* Let de man finish talkin'—don't inter-rup' de gent'man.

*Man.* Dat's alright I'll ansawah dat question fo' you—you kin tell which is de Diamon' by de gavel which he uses to hit on de table wid. W'en we fust got de gavel it was full of diamon's but he done hit it so much on de table dat he done knock most o' 'em out but dar's a couple o' diamon's still on de gavel if you look close. But de Most Sparklin' Jewel has on his hat "I is de Diamon'"—and while we'se talkin' 'bout de Diamon' I might as well tell you dat he runs dis heah lodge an' whut he says is de las' wo'd. Now den—de seben Jewels which acts as de officahs is de followin' stones and whenever you see any o' dese stones on anybody's finger yo' will know dat dey is elig'ble for de fraternity. De officahs sit in de fo' corners o' de hall an' de remainin' three officahs sit behin' de Diamon' in case anything happen to him. Now heah is de name o' de other Jewels which I kin only tell you one time an' you are nevah to repeat de names o' any of dese Jewels outside o' de lodge at any time 'less you run into de Diamon' on de street an' he axe you to name de Jewels. Is you ready to heah de names?

*Sam.* Yes sah Mistah I'se ready to heah 'em but say 'em plain 'case I don' heah so good.

*Man.* (*To Henry.*) Is you ready to heah de Jewels?

*Henry.* Yes sah, I'se ready to heah 'em but you bettah write 'em down fo' Sam 'case he's kin'-a ig'nant.

*Man.* Well, I'll tell you whut I'll do fo' you boys as a special favo'. I ain't s'posed to do dis but if you won't tell anybody—in case you don't git 'em when I tell 'em to you de first time, if you boys will come ovah to mah house I'll learn 'em to yo'.

*Sam.* Dat's whut we bettah do Mistah 'case I don't think I kin git 'em all.

*Man.* Heah is de Jewels o' de Crown. I—de man who is 'dressing you now is de Big Amethyst—be-fo' you can enter de portals of de lodge de Big Amethyst sees dat you is fitted an' qualified to see de othah Jewels. You boys kin see dat I is purty 'portant.

*Sam.* Yas sah Mistah you suttinly is sompin'.

*Henry.* I agrees wid you dar—you is a Big Jewel.

*Man.* De officahs which are known as de Jewels kin be 'stinguished at de North, South, East and West cornahs o' de hall in de followin' manner. De Sparkle in de North cornah is de Opal which means dat his heart is open to you an' you is welcome to go ovah dar. De Sparkle in de South cornah is de Sappiah, which means dat he will always have a warm spot in de South cornah for you if you wanna go ovah dar. De Sparkle in de East cornah is de Moonstone 'case de moon rises in de East an' lights de way through de darkness should you evah be in de da'k. You boys will have to 'scuse me

heah—I gotta read some mo'—we ain' had time 'nuf to have de books printed yet an' w'en we wrote dis stuff, de man dat was copyin' it down don't write plain.

*Sam.* Dat's alright Mistah—I likes to heah dese things.

*Man.* Wait a minute heah, I done mixed de pages up—whut's de numbah of dat page I laid ovah dar?

*Henry.* Ain't no numbah on dis page Mistah.

*Man.* Whut do it say on dat page.

*Henry.* It say's—de pass word o' de—

*Man.* Wait a minute—wait a minute—don't read dat—don' read dat—dat's de las' page—I got it heah now—heah 'tis—de Sparkle in de West is de Pearl 'case pearls is foun' in oysters an' like an oyster dis brothah keeps tightly closed showin' dat he tends to his own business an' he sees dat no one in de lodge tells any o' de secrets. Den we comes to de Jewels behin' de chair. De one to de lef' is **de big Em'rald**—green as de grass in de spring, precious as de chickens in de coop an' wise as lawyers of **de worl'**—'tis dis man who gives us legal advice an' sees dat de brothahs is fully protected from any 'trudah.

*Sam.* Dat's de man dat kin help us right now. De lan'lord done put a man in de room wid us—I don't know if he's a 'trudah or not but he's got a mean look in his eye.

*Henry.* If dat man down at de boa'din' house messes wid us I'll fix him widout even callin' on de Em'rald.

*Man.* Now to git back to de Jewel on de right—he is de big Ruby which means dat no blood will be shed by any o' de membahs and it is through dis chair dat we hopes to 'bolish wah.

*Sam.* Whut yo' mean—'bolish wah?

*Henry.* Don' be so ig'nant—dat means if anybody stahts a war, we all gonna fight.

*Man.* Dat's right—I kin see that one of you understan's it. Now comes de seventh and de nach'-ral jewel. Do you git de connection 'tween de seven and de nach'ral.

*Sam.* Yes sah, Mistah I got you.

*Man.* Dis is de Most Sparklin' Jewel—de Diamon'—de Diamon' lights de way an' each sparkle is emblematic o' de rays o' de sun—wen de sun don' rise de day is dull—wen de Diamond don't 'tend meetin's de meetin' is dull but in order dat dar be light in de hall de Moonstone sits in de chair so de brothers can see whut is goin' on. Now I have given you de seven jewels o' de order. Kin you name dem?

*Sam.* De on'y one I kin 'member is de Diamon'—I guess I bettah come ovah to yo' house an' learn dem stones.

*Man.* (To *Henry*.) Can you name de jewels?

*Henry.* Yes sah, I kin name 'em. Dey is de Moon, de Diamon', dat red stone—I forgit de name o' dat one—whut is dat one Mistah?

*Man.* Wait a minute—let me git dese heah papahs an' look through 'em. Whut page was dat on—do you 'member?

*Sam.* Mistah, you done dropped two or three o' dem sheets on de flo' heah.

*Man.* Ain't no use to waste time lookin' through dem papahs—I think I 'members it—de red stone is de em'rald. Now you boys wanna be sho' an' keep dese heah stones straight. Now dat I have given you dis information, are you ready to entah de hall an' take de oath f'm de lips o' de diamon'? If your are, signify by de usual sign.

*Sam.* Whut is de sign?

*Man.* Jes' say "I am" and raise bof yo' hands to de sky. Dat is de willin' sign.

*Sam.* I am.

*Henry.* I am.

*Man.* By de way, in case any o' de jewels wanna borrow money an' 'proach you for some, dat's de position yo' wanna git in. I will now blindfol' both you boys, and lead you in silence into de worl's most auspicious cullud fraternity, de Jewels o' de Crown. Lemme put dis thing ovah yo, eyes. (*To Henry.*) An' heah—put dis one ovah yo' eyes too. I will now knock on de do'. We makes a drum beat on de do', which is answered by de las' two beats of de drum. I will now knock once to see if dey is read. (*Knock.*) (*Answered by one knock.*) Dat las' knock means dat he's ready fo' de drum beat. Heah goes de drum beat. (*Drum beat.*) Dose las' two drum beats was made f'm de inside—you are now 'bout to entah de portals which I hope you will 'member an' in de words of Shakespeare "See no evil—hear no evil—speak no evil." Be perfec'ly quiet. Sh-h-h-h-h-h.





## Initiation At the Jewels of the Crown

*The boys are led blindfolded from the ante-room to the main hall, where seven officers and thirty-five members are preparing to give the regular form of initiation. The Most Precious Diamond is in command as the high officer.*

*Guide.* Most Precious Diamon'—on mah lef' knee I beg o' you to accept two faithful souls who have come to us as jewels in de rough hopin' to be made sparkin' gems in de Jewels o' de Crown.

*Diamond.* Arise, Amethyst an' speak de names o' de two men you have wid you.

*Guide.* Dey is known in dis worl' as Sam Smith an' Henry Johnson.

*Diamond.* Which is Sam Smith.

*Sam.* I'se Sam Smith Mistah.

*Diamond.* An' which is Henry Johnson?

*Henry.* Dat's me, Mistah.

*Sam.* Henry—I'se kin'-a scaired in heah.

*Henry.* Let go me—let go me—don't hol' on to me.

*Guide.* Do not talk in de room.

*Diamond.* You are now list'ning to de Most Precious Jewel, de Diamon'. I am to de crown whut an yeast cake is to bread—I am to de crown whut food is to de hungry—I am to de crown whut watah is to de thirsty. Ah' you men willin' to 'cept de oth o' dis mighty fraternity. Answer by saying—I am, Most Precious Diamon'.

*Guide.* Say it.

*Sam and Henry.* I am, Most Precious Diamon'.

*Diamond.* Did dey both say it?

*Guide.* Yes.

*Diamond.* Has de secretary received de money?

*Guide.* De money has been received, Most Precious Diamon'.

*Diamond.* I am now 'bout to give you de oath o' de fraternity. Raise bof han's upwa'd. Now stick out yo' tongues an' Brother Amethyst will place a jewel in yo' mouth to hol' while you ah receivin' de oath. (*Pause.*) Have you placed de jewels.

*Guide.* I have, Most Precious Diamon'.

*Diamond.* You may now take in yo' tongues, close yo' mouf, holdin' de stones on yo' tongue. Git down on yo' lef knee an' repeat de wuds aftah me. Do you un'erstan'?

*Sam.* Yes sah.

*Diamond.* Does de othah brothah un'erstand'?

*Henry.* Yes sah, I understan'.

*Diamond.* We will staht wid de oath. Repeat yo' name.

*Sam and Henry.* Repeat yo' name.

*Diamond.* No, no.

*Sam and Henry.* No, no.

*Diamond.* No, no, I mean, say whut you' names ah.

*Sam and Henry.* No, no, I mean to say whut yo' names ah.

*Diamond.* Stop 'em.

*Sam and Henry.* Stop 'em.

*Guide.* Wait a minute now—wait a minute—don't say no mo'. Shh-h-h-h. I done see you boys don't understan'. De fust thing he wants you to say is yo' own name.

*Sam.* Mah name is Sam Smith.

*Guide.* And whut's yo' name?

*Henry.* Mah name is Henry Johnson.

*Guide.* Most Precious Diamon', we bettah staht

ovah—dey done said de names an you bettah take it up f'm dar.

*Diamond.* Now you boys repeat ev'ything I say. Kneeling on mah lef' knee (*repeat*) I promise all the jewels (*repeat*) o' de crown (*repeat*) dat I will not tell (*repeat*) any man, woman, child or any othah human bein' (*repeat*) any o' de secrets (*repeat*) I am now 'bout to heah (*repeat*). I will at all times (*repeat*) do whut de Diamon' say do (*repeat*) and will also (*repeat*) do whut de othah jewels say do (*repeat*) providin' it don't mess up (*repeat*) whut de Diamon' want me to do (*repeat*). I will at all times (*repeat*) share whut I have (*repeat*) wid de Diamon' (*repeat*) an' de othah jewels (*repeat*) I will live a life (*repeat*) dat will be a credit (*repeat*) to de community (*repeat*) in which I lives (*repeat*) I will nevah (*repeat*) fight wid any o' de brothahs (*repeat*) 'less they staht messin' wid me fust (*repeat*) which I know dey will not do (*repeat*) I will nevah strike a chile (*repeat*) or a dumb animal (*repeat*) 'less I have children o' mah own (*repeat*) an' drive a wagon (*repeat*). I will atten' all de meetin's (*repeat*) I possibly kin (*repeat*) providin' it does not intahfeah (*repeat*) wid mah business relations (*repeat*) an' I re'lize (*repeat*) dat dis fraternity (*repeat*) will keep mah heart clean (*repeat*) and guide me through life (*repeat*) wid a cleah conscience (*repeat*) et cetera (*repeat*). Dis I swear (*repeat*) by all de jewels in de crown (*repeat*.)

*Guide.* Rise brothahs an' we will remove de blin'fol'. (*Pause.*)

*Diamond.* You may take de jewels off yo' tongue an' give 'em back to de Amethist.

*Henry.* Heah's mine, Mistah.

*Guide.* Whar is yo' jewel?

*Sam.* Mistah, w'en I stahted talkin' dar I done swallowed it.

*Henry.* You ain't done swallowed de jewel, is yo'?

*Sam.* Yeh, Henry, I had de jewel right heah on mah tongue an' w'en I stahted talkin' I swallowed it.

*Guide.* Mos' Precious Diamon', one o' de candidates have swallowed de jewel.

*Diamond.* We'll chahge him twenty-five cents fo' it an' hope dat it purifies his body.

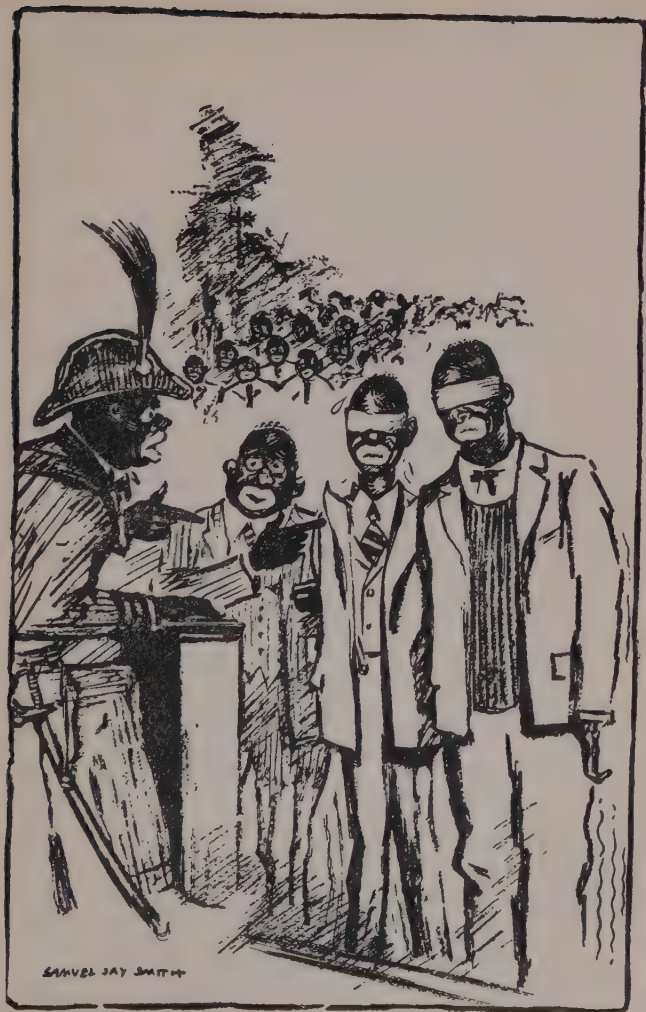
*Guide.* We're gonna have to chahge you a quartah fo' swallowin' dat jewel—I think dat was a diamon' you swallowed.

*Henry.* Give de gent'man twenty-five cents—it's a good thing dey didn't put de crown in yo' mouf or you'd-a swallowed dat.

*Sam.* Heah you is Mistah—heah's twenty-five cents.

*Guide.* Mos' Precious Diamon'—de jewel has been paid fo'.

*Diamond.* I will now give you de password, which you must nevah repeat, 'less I tell you it's alright to do it. The pass word is taken f'm de Greek—it is Lec-sun-moon meaning "light the way." Lec taken from 'lectricity—sun taken f'm de rays o' de sun an' moon taken f'm de beams o' de moon. Don' fo'git de password—Lec-sun-moon. I will now give you de grip. You take de right ahm o' de brothah yo'ah givin' de grip to an' put it behin' him as though you were gettin' a hammah lock—den you get a half-Nelson bendin' his haid 'til he realizes dat he is in de grip o' a brothah, thus. Now we go back to de famous words o' dat noted statesman whut's-his-name, w'en he said "If he hollahs, let



*Diamond—"We will staht de oath—repeat yo' name."*

him go.'" Now I want you to try de grip on de little fellow.

*Henry.* Yas sah Mistah, I try it on him—tuhn 'round heah Sam.

*Sam.* Take it easy now Henry—take it easy—I ain't used to dese grips.

*Diamond.* Dat's right, bend his ahm up. Now get de half-Nelson—now bend de haid.

*Sam.* Wait a minute heah—wait a minute—Ow, don't break mah neck.

*Diamond.* I kin see you got de grip. Now I will show you de emblem. Heah is a skeleton's haid which means dat dis is a dang'rouse lodge fo' anybody to fool wid an' de two cross daggahs you see heah means dat dar is still mo' dangah if anyone messes wid de lodge. Now de sec'etary has de buttons fo' one dollah a-piece. Dey is pure gol' an' de skeleton has a diamon' in his mouf. I hope you buy one o' dese befo' you leave heah tonight so nothin' gonna happen to you.

*Sam.* Yas sah Mistah, I take one right now. Heah's a dollah.

*Diamond.* An' how 'bout you—do you want one?

*Henry.* Yas sah I take one—give de man 'nuddah dollah Sam.

*Secretary.* Heah's yo' pin—you gonna pay fo' de othah fellow's pin?

*Sam.* You bettah lemme see how much money I got heah.

*Henry.* Don't argue wid de gent'man—don't argue wid de gent'man—give him 'nuddah dollah.

*Sam.* Heah yo' is Mistah—heah's a dollah fo' his pin too.

*Diamond.* I am glad to see you boys has come into de fraternity wid de right spirit an' you shall be known as de Rhinestones o' de Crown. You ah



welcome to enjoy de hospital o' de crowd an' de lodge room. We is plannin' on gittin' some mo' chairs latah on so all de brothahs kin sit down. You is also welcome to play cahds an' shoot craps in de lodge room which is open all night. Aftah de lodge closes de othah Jewels o' de Crown, which is de officahs, will tell you more secrets 'bout de lodge an' de sec'etary will sell you gin at reduced rates. I am now gonna close lodge an' I ask dat all de brothahs git down on dere lef' knee. (*Two raps.*) I, de Mos' Precious Diamon' hereby convenes de lodge till de next meetin' which is tomorr' night. We will now make de knock which closes de lodge. (*Rap.*) Lodge is now closed.

*Sam.* Henry dis heah suttinly is some lodge, ain' it? I'se glad I'se in it—I feel like a new man.

*Henry.* Look at all de brothahs gittin' in line ovah dar.

*Sam.* I wondah whut's de mattah dar—dey all lined up 'bout sompin' dar—I wondah whar dey all goin'.

*Henry.* Dar's de Mos' Precious Diamon' right up in front o' de line—go up and axe him whut eve'ybody's gittin' in line fo'.

*Sam.* Come on heah, I gonna ask him. (*Pause.*) Say Mistah Diamon', whut is eve'ybody linin' up fo'?

*Diamond.* De sec'etary jes' made five gallons o' gin.

*Sam.* Come on heah Henry, let's git on de end o' dis heah line.

*Henry.* Dis is a purty good lodge, ain't it.

## At Home Alone Playing Poker

*Back to their rooming house, reminiscing of the Southern cooking and talking about their present situation.*

*Sam* Henry, I suttinly would like to git some good southe'n cookin'.

*Henry.* Whut's de mattah wid dat rest'rانت we's eatin' in now—ain't dat alright?

*Sam.* De suppah we had ovah dar tonight is plenty cheap 'nuf but it ain't no good—I'd ruther pay a few cents mo' an' git sompin' dat I kin eat.

*Henry.* Didn't de man dat runs de rest'rانت treat you nice t'night? W'en you told him dat you was fond o' ham, whut did he do—he give you a ham bone.

*Sam.* Yeh—but it wasn't no meat on it—whut good is a ham bone widout no meat—he mus'-a think I was a dog.

*Henry.* Whut you do wid dat ham bone?

*Sam.* I brung it home heah but I dunno whut to do wid it.

*Henry.* Boil de ham bone an' make ham soup.

*Sam.* Dat's right too—but we ain' got nothin' to boil it in.

*Henry.* We got a coffee pot, ain't we? Take dat ham bone an' put it in de coffee pot an' put some peppah an' salt on it an' boil it.

*Sam.* Dat's a good idea—I b'lieve I'll unwrap dis heah ham bone.

*Henry.* Take de coffee pot heah off dis window—hang it ovah dat gas chet but put de ham bone in dar fust.

*Sam.* Look heah Henry, dis heah ham bone is a big one.

*Henry.* De biggah de ham bone, de bettah de soup.

*Sam.* It won't go in de coffee pot—dis heah big en' won't gin dat little hole on top.

*Henry.* Put de othah en' in dar.

*Sam.* But de big en' Henry, is de one wid all de gristle on it.

*Henry.* Don't argue wid me—don't argue wid me—take dat ham bone an' throw it outta de window.

*Sam.* Henry, de man made a little mistake w'en he put us up in dis heah room. He said dat we would have a good view. You kain't see nothin' out dis heah window 'cept dat brick wall 'cross de alley dar.

*Henry.* If we wasn't on de top floor an' de ceilin' wasn't busted we wouldn't have no sunshine in heah.

*Sam.* Dat's a bad hole w'en it rains though. I put my shoes ovah in dat cornah one night by mistake—de next mornin' w'en I went to put 'em on, one o' de shoes was floatin'. I wish I had rubbah heels on bof mah shoes.

*Henry.* Whar did you git dat rubbah heel you got now?

*Sam.* I foun' it.

*Henry.* W'en we walkin' 'cross de flo' at de lodge de othah night you soun'ed like a one-legged man.

*Sam.* Henry, I'se glad we got into dat fraternity. And dat sec'etary sells some good gin too.

*Henry.* Yeh, but it ain't but fifty cents cheapah dar dan it is any place else an' we paid ten dollahs to join de thing.

*Sam.* I still owes 'em five dollahs.

*Henry.* So do I. And if dey don't git some chairs to sit in, I'se gonna keep on owin' it to 'em—whut's de sense of b'longin' to de lodge if dey ain't got no chairs an' no tables down dar?

*Sam.* Did yo' read whut de sign say up dar?

*Henry.* Whut did de sign say?

*Sam.* One sign ovah in de cornah say "Any brothah caught shootin' wid crooked dice would be suspenders f'm de lodge fo' one week." Anothah sign say "On 'count o' not havin' time to buy diff'rent things, dey want all de brothahs to bring der own cahds."

*Henry.* De thing I don't like 'bout dat lodge down dar is w'en dey blindfol' us. Dat's a bad feelin' to have—not knowin' whut's goin' on 'case I'se a man whut keeps up wid things.

*Sam.* De thing I didn't like 'bout it is de grip—don't yo' evah git dat grip on me no mo'. But de lodge is got a purty name, ain't it—Jewels o' de Crown.

*Henry.* Yeh—but de name ain't got nothin' to do wid it.

*Sam.* De man tol' us dat we was Rhinestones. I suttinly would like to be a ruby or sompin' in dat lodge. Dat 'minds me—you know—I nevah did tell you dis but befo' I lef' dar dat night, dat man dat runs de place—dat hits dat hammah down—

*Henry.* Dat's de Most Precious Diamon'—dat's whut dey call him.

*Sam.* Yes, dat's de man—dat's de man dat give us de oath—he borrowed three dollahs f'm me.

*Henry.* Oh—oh—he got brothahly right off de bat, didn't he?

*Sam.* Dat's alright—dat might help me to be one o' de jewels in de crown.

*Henry.* If you'd give dat man eight or nine dollahs, he'd give you de crown.

*Sam.* De thing I don't like is—w'en we was standin' outside befo' de lodge stahted talkin' to de othah membahs an' it was 'bout six or eight of 'em standin' 'round an' I asked 'em whar we paid de dues, ev'ryone o' 'em said at de same time 'I'll take it.'

*Henry.* And I b'lieve dey would.

*Sam.* Ain't no use to worry 'bout de fun's down at de lodge though 'case de way dey done 'splain it to me is dat de sec'etary gits all de money an' he an' de officahs o' de lodge, spends it fo' things dat dey think dey ought to buy—an' ev'ry officah in de lodge has been put on his honoh. One o' de brothahs tol' me dat dey had a janitor in dar f'm college an' he said dat dey had de honoh system up at de college whar he wu'ked an' dat dey decided to put de sec'etary on it.

*Henry.* Whut de janitah know 'bout de honah system.

*Sam.* De janitah says dat it was ve'y successful wharevah it's been used. He says a man kain't steal usin' dis system less he's dishonest.

*Henry.* Oh well, dat's diff'rent. Talkin' 'bout dat fraternity—'membah dat man dat gives us de application blanks at Montgomery Ward Comp'ny, don't you?

*Sam.* Yeh—I 'member dat fellow.

*Henry.* Well, he came ovah whar I was wukkin today an' called me brothah—tol' me he was mighty glad I was in de lodge an' he wanted to borrow fo' dollahs.

*Sam.* An' you let him have it?

*Henry.* I tol' him I was broke—I tol' him to git

in touch wid you' tomorr' an' you'd let him have it.

*Sam.* Did he git mad?

*Henry.* He stahted jumpin' 'round dar an' hol-lerin' and wavin' his arms up an' down—I asked him whut's de mattah—he tol' me he was givin' me de distress signal o' de lodge. I tol' him he could hollah S. O. S. but I didn't have no money. He said he would meet you at de plant early in de mornin'.

*Sam.* I ain't got much money mahse'f but I'll let him have a dollah, I guess.

*Henry.* I ain' played cahds wid you for 'bout three yeahs now—is you forgot how to play pokah.

*Sam.* Yeh—I think I 'membah how to play pokah.

*Henry.* Well, git up an' go ovah an' look in dat ol' box o' mine an' git dat ol' deck o' cahds o' mine an' bring 'em ovah heah.

*Sam.* Whar is dey in heah?

*Henry.* Dey down in de cornah dar—look down in de cornah—dey kin'-a dirty but dey good 'nuf.

*Sam.* Heah it is—I see it. Is all of 'em dar, Henry.

*Henry.* Ought to be fo'ty fo' of 'em dar.

*Sam.* Ain't no use to count 'em—I guess dey all heah—whut we gonna play—pokah?

*Henry.* Yeh—we'll play a little pokah heah—how much money is you got?

*Sam.* I ain't got but two dollahs.

*Henry.* Well, lay it up heah on de table. Look in mah coat dar an' git dat two boxes of matches I got.

*Sam.* Which pocket is it in?

*Henry.* Don't axe so many questions—look in bof pockets.



*Sam.* Heah it is Henry. What you gonna do wid de matches?

*Henry.* We gonna use dese fo' money. Now I'll take yo' two dollahs and give you thirty matches.

*Sam.* How much is de matches wuth?

*Henry.* Dey's wuth a nickel a-piece. But you don't have to do no figurin' I'll keep de bank—you jes' play de cahds. I'se gonna let you deal 'em de fust time.

*Sam.* How much you bet at a time?

*Henry.* Staht off bettin' one match but I'se liable to change de rules durin' de game.

*Sam.* Henry, I done forgot 'bout dealin' dese heah cahds—how many cahds do you git?

*Henry.* I git five.

*Sam.* Heah you are.

*Henry.* Not all at one time—not all at one time—han' me one cahd an' den you take one—den gimme 'nuddah one.

*Sam.* Dat's right—heah you is—heah you is.

*Henry.* Now lemme see if I kin open or not—you know we playin' jacks or bettah—I kain't open.

*Sam.* I opens.

*Henry.* Alright, deal de cahds an' gimme fo'. Put one match out dar in de centah fo' dealin'—den put 'nuthah one out dar fo' openin' 'case de pot allus has to have a even numbah ob matches in it. I sticks, but so dat I won't break up de even numbah o' matches in de pot now I'll jes leave dose two out dar 'stead o' takin' one.

*Sam.* You want fo' cahds, don't you? Heah you is—heah's yo fo'. I don' want but three—I take mah three.

*Henry.* Whut you got?

*Sam.* I got a pair o' sevens.

*Henry.* I gonna hit you in de haid heah in a minute.

*Sam.* Whut's de mattah?

*Henry.* Didn't I tell you dat you couldn't open de pot 'less'n you had jacks or bettah?

*Sam.* Well, I got two nach'rals heah. Ain't dey bettah dan a jack?

*Henry.* Don't be so ig'nant—'membah dat 'less you'se got cahds wid pitchers on 'em you hand ain't wuth nothin'—take back one o' dem matches. I'll deal de cahds.

*Sam.* Henry, you suttinly do deal 'em fas'.

*Henry.* Whut you do now?

*Sam.* I kain't do nothin'.

*Henry.* I opens it fo' two matches—put up two—put 'em out in de centah dar—don't lay 'em whar yo' pile is—put 'em out dar in de centah—how many cards you want?

*Sam.* Gimme five.

*Henry.* I'll take t'ree.

*Sam.* How come you take yo' t'ree f'm de bottom o' de deck?

*Henry.* Dar you is—you seein' things again. I'll put 'em back an' take three mo' if you think I'm takin' 'em f'm de bottom ob de deck. I opened it—have you got anything dat 'mounts to sompin'?

*Sam.* No, I ain't got much.

*Henry.* Well, I bet you fo' matches.

*Sam.* Here's yo' fo'.

*Henry.* You ain't got much, huh?

*Sam.* No, I jes' playin' wid you heah—I don't know whut I got.

*Henry.* Den I bet you fo' mo' matches.

*Sam.* Whut mus' I do, Henry.

*Henry.* Lemme se you han'.

*Sam.* Heah it is.

*Henry.* You got three aces, ain't you—if I was you I'd drop out, 'case I got two pair—Kings and Queens—see all dem face cahds? Dat's whut I tol' yo' to bet on—de cards wid de pitchahs on 'em. So you drop out.

*Sam.* Mus' I drop out de game?

*Henry.* You might as well drop outta de game—yo' ain't gonna be in it long at dis rate. Now in ordah to give you a chance, I'll play yo' han's for you. Deal de cahds.

*Sam.* You kin'-a look aftah my han' 'case I ain't vanilla wid pokah.

*Henry.* You ain't whut wid pokah?

*Sam.* Vanilla.

*Henry.* Whut you talkin' 'bout, ice cream sodas—whut yo' mean—vanilla. You mean vermilla.

*Sam.* Yes, dat's it—dat's de word.

*Henry.* If we evah talkin' to anybody, don't you say no crazy thing like dat vanilla again 'case people sees me wid you, dey think I'se as ig'nant as you is.

*Sam.* Well, heah's de cahds—one fo' you—one fo' me. . . .

*Henry.* Well, I opens it. Fust, you put a match out dar in de centah fo' dealin'.

*Sam.* I bettah put two out dar, hadn't I—it's gotta be a even numbah.

*Henry.* Dat's right. I'se glad I don't have to tell you dat mo' dan once.

*Sam.* You see Henry, I could-a cheated you dat time.

*Henry.* 'Membah we both belong to de Jewels o' de Crown an' we'se protectin' each othah—dat's why I'm gonna play yo' hand—so you will at leas' know whut's goin' on. Iopens it dis time fo' five matches. Now lemme see yo' han'.

*Sam.* Heah it is.

*Henry.* Don't lay de cahds down deah on de table—keep de cahds exposed so I kain't see 'em good—I jes' wants to glance at 'em. You ain't got nothin' but stick—put out five matches.

*Sam.* If I ain't got nothin' whut's de use ob me puttin' out five matches?

*Henry.* Well, whut you want to do—go to baid—dey ain't but two o' us in de game, is dey—an' in ordah to play you gotta stick. I done asked you to play wid me—if I didn't wanna play wid somebody I wouldn't-a asked you to play.

*Sam.* Heah's de five matches—I'll stick. How many cahds you want?

*Henry.* I'll play whut I got heah.

*Sam.* You don't want no cahds?

*Henry.* No.—I-I-I'll play dese.

*Sam.* I'll be jes' as wise as you is an' I'll play whut I got—I won't take none eithah.

*Henry.* Now I don't really know whut I got in dis han'—I jes glanced at it—you ain't got but a few matches lef' ovah dar an' it's gittin' late so I'll bet you all you got dar. But you bettah hol' back two.

*Sam.* Whut do I want to hol' back two for?

*Henry.* You know you gotta ride to Montgomery Ward in de mornin' on de el'vatah an' you might not win dis han'.

*Sam.* Heah you is Henry—whut you got?

*Henry.* I got a straight—whut you got?

*Sam.* I got a fo' an' a seven an' a queen, a jack an' a ace.

*Henry.* Dat en's de game—you lose. Now I'se de bankah an' matches is wuth five cents a-piece—I gives you five cents fo' each match you got.

*Sam.* Wait a minute—I got a whole box o' 'em in mah coat pocket.

*Henry.* Sit down 'fore I hit you in de haid. You ain't got but two matches. Heahs ten cents.

*Sam.* Is dat all de money I gits Henry—ten cents?

*Henry.* Dat's all you got.

*Sam.* Whut become o' de two dollahs?

*Henry.* You done los' it.

*Sam.* W'en did I lose it—w'en?

*Henry.* Don't argue wid me—I tell you whut you do. You'se got ten cents to git to Montgomery Ward in de mornin' an' w'en dat brothah comes up to see you—you give him de distress signal 'fore he gives it to you.

*Sam.* Dat's right, ain't it, Henry. I knew you'd know whut to do—I'se purty lucky to have somebody like you to tell me dese things.



## Sending Liza A Valentine

*Valentine's day the boys return to their room, Sam having bought several valentines for his sweetheart, Liza.*

*Sam.* Henry—I'se glad to git back heah t'night—I'se tired.

*Henry* We'd-a been heah soonah if you hadn't stopped in dat sto' to buy dem crazy valentines. How come you buy so many valentines for 'Liza anyway.

*Sam.* I didn't wanna take de time to read 'em all so I got myself a lot o' 'em so one o' 'em be sho' to suit her.

*Henry.* I thought you tol' me yes'day dat dey was gonna close up fo' half a day t'day.

*Sam.* Dat's whut a cullud fellow out dere tol' me—you know t'day's Lincoln's birfday an' I thought sho' dey'd close up a half a day t'day.

*Henry.* Whut I wanna know is—how yo' gonna make dat five dollahs I loaned you las' you till Sat'day buyin' dose valentines—whut you wanna buy dose valentines fo' anyway?

*Sam.* Oh, de windows is full o' red hearts an' I done read a sign in one o' de windows said, "Sen' yo' gal a valentine"—Sunday de 14th is Valentine's Day. You know I gotta mail dese heah things t'night in ordah fo' dem to git dere.

*Henry.* I ain't nevah heard o' nobody buyin' valentines widout readin' 'em.

*Sam.* Henry, whut is Valentine's Day.

*Henry.* Don' be so ig'nant—I got a good notion not to even tell you whut it is.

*Sam.* I 'member w'en I was a little boy—we used to sen' valentines dat cos' a penny. Some



o' de craziest lookin' things I evah done seed. An' I 'membah it used to be in de wintah time but, well as I 'membah it used to be in Decembah. Can't be no birfday 'cause if Mr. Valentine had a birfday, it would be in de same month all de time, wouldn't it. Henry, you'se a smaht man—'splain dat thing to me.

*Henry.* I'se gonna 'splain dis heah one thing to you but aftah dis you gotta staht figurin' out things fo' yo'self.

*Sam.* I'd like to know dis heah Valentine's thing heah 'cause Liza might write me an' ask me some-thin' 'bout it.

*Henry.* Valentine's Day is jes' like Lincoln's birfday on'y it's jes' a little diff'ent. It us'ally come on de same day ev'vy yeah but jes' like you say—sometime's it come in Decembah. Now de reason fo' dat is dat de worl' is roun' an' de worl' goes roun' de sun—I'll draw it heah fo' you on a piece o' papah.

*Sam.* Dat's whut I wanna do—'splain dese heah things to me.

*Henry.* Now look heah—you see dis piece o' papah? Dis heah papah is de air—I'll write it up de top—air—A-R-E. Now you gotta follow me closely on dis heah thing. Now all dis papah heah is de air. I'll put de sun right heah in de middle—dere it is S-U-N—sun—I'll put a few spahks out heah f'm de sun—dese heah spahks show you dat de sun is shinin'. Now dis is 12 o'clock in de day time.

*Sam.* Dat's w'en we have ouh lunch, ain't it?

*Henry.* Dat's right—dat's jes' de time so it ain't no use fo' me to draw a pitchah o' no clock—so I'll write down heah "lunch"—you know whut dat means—

*Sam.* But Henry, de sun ain't allus shinin' w'en we eat de lunch.

*Henry.* Now wait a minute—wait a minute now—we'se comin' to dat paht o' it. Now dis big ring dat I'se makin' heah is de worl'—I'll jes' put a "W" on dat. Now Christophah Columbus done tol' ev'vybody dat de worl' is roun', ain't it?

*Sam.* He discovered de worl' didn't he?

*Henry.* He didn't do it by hisse'f—Adam an' Eve was wid him w'en he discovered it. Now de worl' is roun' an' de sun shines straight so it kain't allus hit all ovah de worl' at de same time, kin it?

*Sam.* Not 'less de light kin shoot roun' de cornah.

*Henry.* Now wait a minute heah—you gittin' all mixed up. You know whut I'se 'splainin' to you, don't you?

*Sam.* Yes—I know—you gonna tell me whut Valentine's Day is an' whut make it come in Decembah sometime an' whut make it come in February.

*Henry.* Well lemme git one thing in yo' haid—Valentine is a man.

*Sam.* Yeh—I know dat—I know dat.

*Henry.* Now look at dis heah piece o' papah—heah is de sun shinin' while you'se at lunch—dis big thing is de worl'—now don't you 'membah in school dat dey tol' you dat de sun was on a pivot. Now de worl' is floatin' 'roun' in de air.

*Sam.* Whut make it float 'roun' in de air—w'y don't it git down on sompin'?

*Henry.* Dey ain't nevah figured dat out yet. Now de worl' turns 'roun' too—goes 'roun' de sun. An' down heah at de bottom o' de worl'—dat's China—an' dis heah cross I make up heah at de top o' de worl'—dat's de United States. In

othah wo'ds—all de Chinamen is upside-down but dey don' know it.

*Sam.* Whut' hol' 'em on de worl'—keep 'em f'm fallin' off in de air?

*Henry.* I don' b'lieve you's evah been to school in yo' life, is you?

*Sam.* I stahsted to school Henry—I didn't git ve'y fah—tell me whut hol's 'em on de worl'.

*Henry.* Dat's whut we call gravel.

*Sam.* Whut is gravel?

*Henry.* Now wait a minute now—whut do you wanna know de mos'—whut gravel is or whut Valentine's Day is?

*Sam.* Tell me 'bout dis Valentine's thing—dat's whut I wanna know.

*Henry.* Well, de worl' passes de sun heah an' de sun don' pass it ev'y day though, 'case some days we ain't got no sunshine so Mr. Valentine don' count dat day an' dat's w'y de birfday come sometime in Decembah and sometime in Febwary. If de sun git good an' hot an' shine a whole lot now—we'se liable to have anothah Valentine's Day in August—you understan's dat, don' you?

*Sam.* Yes, Henry, I understan's dat. Whut I wanna know is—whut do de heahs has to do wid Valentines—all dese heah red heahs I see?

*Henry.* Dat's somepin' new—dat's jes' stahsted in de las' few yeahs—you 'membahs w'en we was a little boy, you didn't see many heahs—ev'rything was funny pitchahs.

*Sam.* Dat's whut I said Henry—w'en I was a little boy I nevah seen none o' dose heahs—all I seen was funny pitchahs.

*Henry.* But de United States done made some diff'ent laws since den. Somebody in Washington was playin' pokah an' one o' de Senatahs had

a royal flush. Ev'y cahd he had in his han' was a heahht an' dey was playin' on Valentine's Day an' evah since den dey done stahted usin' heahhts' stead o' funny pitchahs. Now do you understan' who Mr. Valentine is?

*Sam.* I understan's 'bout it now Henry—but I wouldn't knowed nothin' 'bout it if you hadn't tol' me—let's look at dese heah ones I jes' bought.

*Henry.* Open up de valentines—le's see 'em.

*Sam.* Heah dey is, Henry. Heah's a purty one on top. It's looks purty but I bettah not send dis one to her—might make her mad.

*Henry.* Lemme see it. Whut dis man doin' down on one knee heah in front o' de lady?

*Sam.* I thought he was makin' love but look whut it say on dere.

*Henry.* It say "Won't you be my Valentine." Dat's like askin her to da'n yo' socks fo' you.

*Sam.* I bettah not sen' dat one, is I?

*Henry.* You bettah save dat one 'till aftah yo'ah married.

*Sam.* Dat cahd cos' me five cents, too.

*Henry.* Wait till you git married—it's gonna cos' you mo' dan five cents to git yo' socks dahned.

*Sam.* Henry, heah's a purty one. On'y trouble is it's too much writin' on it. Listen at dis heah—listen whut dis one say Henry. It say "w'en I look in yo' eyes, you is faih as de skies—you always is neat—f'm yo' haid to yo' feet—an oh how I pine—fo' you, my Valentine". But all dese heah things gonna make her mad.

*Henry.* Anybody'd git mad if you call 'em a valentine.

*Sam.* Heah's a pretty cahd wid a lot o' flowahs on it—look heah.

*Henry.* Read whut it say on dat one.

*Sam.* "May happiness always come yo' way—and bless you deah, on yo' birfday." Henry, dat's de wrong kin' o' cahd.

*Henry.* Whar you git dat cahd f'm?

*Sam.* I picked it up off de countah—it had flowahs on it an' looked purty. I bettah save dis heah cahd 'till 'Liza has a birfday.

*Henry.* Dese heah cahds is gonna all make her mad. De bes' thing fo' you to do is to draw a valentine.

*Sam.* I don't know nothin' 'bout drawin'.

*Henry.* Dat ain't nothin'—dat ain't nothin'—she 'preciates it mo' knowin' dat you done made it. Heah's a piece of papah—heah's a pencil—take dis heah pencil an' I tell you whut to draw. Draw a pitchah o' a house.

*Sam.* I kain't draw no house.

*Henry.* You kin make a squah, kain't you?

*Sam.* Yeh, I kin do dat.

*Henry.* Well make a squah an' put some windows in it an' put a chim'ey on it—dat's all you gotta do. Now de nex' thing to do—is to cut open de mattress an' git a few feathahs.

*Sam.* Whut I wanna cut open de man's mattress fo' to git de feathahs?

*Henry.* You don' have to cut open de whole mattress—jes' cut a little bit o' hole in it an' git de feathahs out—den git de feathahs an' stick it in dese windows and call dat de love nes'.

*Sam.* I b'lieve I will cut a lil' bit-a hole in dis heah mattress but I don't wanna git feathahs all ovah de room.

*Henry.* Now don' stick dat whole knife in dere—jes' cut a little bit so we kin pin it back up widout de feathahs gittin' out.

*Sam.* Don' tell nobody I did dis now Henry.

(Pause.) Ain't no feathahs in dis heah mattress—ain't nothin' but hay in heah.

Henry. Look good—it must be feathahs in dere somewhar—cut a little bit mo' open.

Sam. I kain't fin' no feathahs—ain't nothin' but straw in dis heah thing.

Henry. Try de pillow.

Sam. Dat's whar de feathahs is—in de pillow. Henry we need some straw too fo' de nes'—feathahs an' straw. Dis heah pillow's full o' feathahs.

Henry. Whut you wanna git all dem feathahs fo'—you don't need no han' full o' feathahs.

Sam. I jes' pulled 'em out a little hole—how I gonna git 'em back.

Henry. Cut de pillow open an' put 'em back in dar.

Sam. I done cut de pillow open but de feathahs come runnin' out.

Henry. Lay all dem feathahs down on de bed. Jes, bring 'bout fo' feathahs ovah heah.

Sam. Heah you is—heah's fo' feathahs.

Henry. Now stick dem fo' feathahs in de windows. Now draw a pitchah o' you an' 'Liza standin' out in front.

Sam. I kain't draw 'Liza's pitchah.

Henry. Han' it to me—han' it to me. Heah's de way to do dat.

Sam. Which one o' us is dat?

Henry. Dat's 'Liza.

Sam. 'Liza ain't got feet like dat Henry—you gonna make her mad.

Henry. Dat's whar de valentine comes in—ev'y-thing's 'sposed to look like a heaht.

Sam. Yeh, but you got her feet lookin' like a rockin, chair.



*Henry.* Now de nex' thing to do is to draw de sun—dat's easy but I'll draw it. Heah is de sun. I'll run out dese heah spahks I done made an' make dat de moon. Now yo' wanna write sompin' on heah. Now wait a minute—I gotta think.

*Sam.* Dat's right Henry—take yo' time—you know whut de fortune tellah tol' us—to concentrate on one thing at a time.

*Henry.* Now de fust line should be "Underneath de sycamo' tree"—how you spell sycamo'?

*Sam.* Dat's de sick like you sick a dog on a cat, ain't it—dat's s-i-c-k—sick—a—a—mo'—mo'—sycamo'.

*Henry.* Dis ain't sycamo' like de dog—dis is sycamo' like a tree—de fust par'graph should be s-i-c-k—I know's dat—but to save argament I'll draw de tree. Heah is de tree—we should have some leabes to put on dis heah tree.

*Sam.* Whar we gonna git de leabes f'm?

*Henry.* Dat's alright, I'll draw a couple o' leabes on dar. Now comes de po'try. Now heah's de fust line. "I know dat de worl' is changin'—'case de sun don' shine ev'y day—I jes' had it 'splained to me while ago—whut make it do dat way—to show you I love you an' cannot wait—fo' de yeah to go rollin' by—W'en Valentine's day comes in Decembah—we'll git married, you an I."

*Sam.* Dat's de stuff—dat's whut I been waitin' fo'—Henry you'se got plenty sense—w'y, don' you write fo' some o' dese heah mag'zines?

*Henry.* Oh I dunno—I hates to waste my time foolin' wid 'em.

*Sam.* I got to git all dis heah stuff in an env'lope now an' sen' it to 'Liza—I gonna take it out an' mail it now. Dat suttinly is purty—lemme read dat thing again. . . . I gonna mail dat right

now. I'd suttinly like to see 'Liza when she opens dis. I gonna 'dress dis heah env'lope.

*Henry.* Hurry up an' 'dress dat thing.

*Sam.* I allus likes to write de wohd "Bummin-ham." Dat allus soun's good to me.

*Henry.* Yeh—I guess she'll show dat valentine to ev'ybody in town—an' de nice paht o' it is, it's got feathahs in it an' dey know dat it was done by han'.

*Sam.* I suttinly would like to see her w'en she opens it.

*Henry.* Go on now—take dat valentine up to de cornah an' mail it—an' come on back heah an' go to bed an' don' stop in no pool room.

*Sam.* Henry, you know I feel like I ought to pay you for drawin' dis heah thing—if you didn' draw it fo' me I'd-a had to buy some mo' Valentines.

*Henry.* Dat's alright dis time—ain't no usc to gimme no cash—you might bring me back a coupla packs o' cigarettes though.

*Sam.* I'll do dat Henry—I don' think dey got Piedmonts at de sto', I'll get you sompin' at de sto'—I'll bring back some ice cream, too.

*Henry.* Don't stay long 'case ice cream melts fas'—hurry up.

*Sam.* I'll be back in 'bout five minutes Henry—so long.

## A Stag At the Lodge

*A smoker at the Jewels of the Crown. Each member had a plate full of sandwiches and a bottle of home made gin handed him as he enters and pays his dollar.*

*Sam.* Henry, dis suttinly is purty nice, ain't it?

*Henry.* I don' see how dey kin give us dis gin an' den feed us fo' a dollah.

*Sam.* Dat's 'case we b'long to de lodge—De Mos' Precious Diamon' tol' me dat dey lose money on dese heah dinnahs but it gits de brothahs down to de hall an' aftah de dinnah is ovah, dey us'ally stahts shootin' craps an' de lodge officahs cuts in on de winnahs.

*Henry.* Heah's one brothah dat's gonna be a total loss to 'em 'case I ain't gonna shoot no crap.

*Sam.* I'se glad I done paid you dat five dollahs—How much money is you holdin'?

*Henry.* Countin' all my money, I got fifty dollahs an' six bits, how much is you got.

*Sam.* Aftah payin' my debts t'day I ain't got but 'leven dollahs. But I don't owe nothin', I done even paid de room rent. Ain't you 'fraid to carry all dat money roun' in yo' pocket.

*Henry.* Scaired o' who—ain't nobody gonna mess wid my money—I'm too slick fo' 'em—I gonna sen' it back to Bumming'ham Monday an' have my bank keep it fo' me.

*Sam.* Don' let it slip out o' yo' pocket now.

*Henry.* W'en I gits home t'night, I'se gonna take all but six bits an' sew it up in my pants pocket.

*Sam.* Dat's a good idea.

*Man.* You brothers kin take a seat now ovah in dat cornah—De officahs done borrowed some chairs f'm de confectionery sto'.

*Sam.* Thank you mistah—I mean brothah.

*Man.* I 'spose you good brothahs is gonna stay a while aftah you gits through eating de 'freshments.

*Sam.* Henry wants to stay an' look on but I might git in one o' de games.

*Man.* Dat's jes' fine—I am glad to heah you is gonna stay. But w'y not git yo' frien' to stay too.

*Henry.* I ain't nevah liked to shoot crap, brothah.

*Man.* Well stay wid us an' play a little pokah.

*Henry.* I'll see how I feels aftah I eats.

*Sam.* Henry knows all 'bout pokah—he won all my money de othah night.

*Henry.* Kin we sit ovah dere in de cornah at de little table?

*Man.* Sho'—but w'y not be social an' sit at one o' de big tables?

*Henry.* I got a lot o' business to talk ovah wid Sam—we might come ovah to one o' de othah tables latah.

*Man.* Dat's fine—I'll have one o' de boys bring yo' san'wiches ovah—you see I am one o' de officahs o' de lodge—I am de Ruby.

*Sam.* Is dat so.

*Man.* Now aftah we gits through eatin', I wants you boys to come ovah to my table an' meet some o' de othah good membahs.

*Sam.* Yassah, we'll do dat—come on Henry—let's go ovah heah an' sit down—we'll see you latah, brothah.

*Man.* See you latah.

*Henry.* We'll be hangin' 'roun'.

*Sam.* Dis heah is a small place fo' such a 'portant lodge—ain't it?

*Henry.* I was jes' wondering if de jewels in chahge o' de lodge done got permission to shoot craps f'm de police.

*Sam.* Dat's a good thing to fin' out—but I guess de police know dat dis heah is a 'portant lodge.

*Henry.* Dis lodge got to be mighty 'portant fo' dis heah police force w'en dey decides to 'rest us.

*Sam.* I don' wanna git 'rested no mo'—I done spent 'nuf time in de jail house.

*Henry.* You know dey got a mean lookin' jedge up in de co't dar too. He says five dollahs an' cos's jes' as easy as you say go'mornin'.

*Sam.* Let's staht drinkin' dis heah gin, Henry.

*Henry.* Dis heah gin kain't be ve'y strong—dey give it to us.

*Sam.* Let's take big drinks, Henry.

*Henry.* Dat's de on'y kin' I likes.

*Sam.* Well, Henry, heah's to de Jewels o' de Crown.

*Henry.* You bettah de drinkin' to de Rhinestones—dey's de ones dat needs de luck.

*Sam.* Dat gin ain't strong, is it?

*Henry.* We might as well have 'nuther drink o' dis stuff right now.

*Sam.* I'se wid yo' dar Henry—come on—pour 'em out. Well, heah's to de Rhinestones dis time.

*Henry.* I wondah whut make de gin look so milky?

*Sam.* De brothah tol' me w'en he give it to me dat it don't look good but it's alright—de sec'etary jes' made it. De stuff sho' is weak, ain't it?

*Henry.* Ain't no use to spoil dis heah gin-drinkin' wid dese heah san'wiches.

*Sam.* Push de san'wiches out de way heah. We mix up dese heah san'wiches wid dis heah gin, we bof gonna be sick.

*Henry.* De brothahs is done sta'ted playin' pokah an' shootin' crap already, ain't dey?

*Sam.* We must-a got down heah late t'night—eve'ybody else done finish eatin'.

*Henry.* Dar's one table ovah dar wid seven men playin' pokah.

*Sam.* I don' like pokah much Henry—you kain't tell whut you're doin'. I likes to see de little boys roll out.

*Henry.* Dar's 'bout six crap games goin' on in heah now—you don' wanna mess wid none o' dem though—you betttah hol' on to you eleven dolla's.

*Sam.* You know I'se commencin' to feel pretty good now—le's have 'nothah drink o' gin.

*Henry.* Come on den—but don' you git drunk now.

*Sam.* Don't you worry 'bout me—w'en I gits to feelin' good on gin I'se right.

*Henry.* Don't git too right now—don't git too right.

*Sam.* Well, heah's to you—may all you—may all you—

*Henry.* Drink de gin an' shet up.

*Sam.* Henry, if I was down town I'd buy mahsef a pair of Stetson shoes an' a hat now.

*Henry.* I kin see de gin ain't as weak as we thought it was—you got 'leven dollahs to las' you till Sat'day and you talkin' 'bout buyin' a hat an' some shoes.



*Sam.* I'se glad tomorro's Sunday 'case if it wasn't I'd lay off anyway.

*Henry.* Dar you go—talkin' 'bout layin' off agin.

*Sam.* You know whut de man tol' us down at de confection'ry sto' las' night—he says we ought to git a job at de Stock Yards.

*Henry.* Dat would be a good idea 'case dat is near home—but whut you know 'bout stock?

*Sam.* I used to milk a cow w'en I was a little boy—mah pappy used to have some pigs too—I used to study de pigs.

*Henry.* Who evah heard o' anybody studyin' pigs—po' yo'se'f 'nuddah drink o' dat gin.

*Sam.* Come on heah Henry—po' it out—let's drink up. Well, I ain't gonna say nothin' dis time—yes' let's drink it.

*Henry.* Dat is purty good gin.

*Man.* How is you boys gettin' 'long—is ev'ry-thing alright?

*Sam.* Yassah Mistah, ev'rything's alright. Oh, I didn't reco'nize you—I didn't reco'nize you—you is de Ruby ain't you—you de gent'man we talked to befo' ain't you?

*Man.* Yes, I talked to you boys w'en you fust come in. Is de gin alright?

*Henry.* De gin's fine.

*Sam.* Have a drink o' gin wid us—le's be social heah.

*Man.* Well, don't care if I do—go ahead—po' yo' two drinks out—I'll drink out de bottle.

*Sam.* Don't know which bottle to give you—both o' 'em got 'bout de same 'mount in it—dis heah gin suttinly make you feel good.

*Man.* Well, brothahs, heah's to you—may de

Jewels o' de Crown guide you through all yo' life.

*Sam.* (*Smack.*) Um—dat gin is sompin', ain't it?

*Man.* Now I tell you boys whut I likes to have you do—dey's sev'al crap games goin' on in de room heah but dey's all little crap games but de officahs which is de Jewels in de lodge, is got a good crap game goin' on ovah at mah table. I'd likes to have you brothahs come ovah an' meet de officahs. You'se liable to win a little money.

*Sam.* Dat suits me 'case I feel right t'night—I feel like I could whip a wil' cat—come on Henry, let's go ovah to de table wid de big brothahs in de lodge.

*Henry.* I b'lieve dat gin is goin' to yo' haid.

*Sam.* If it's good fo' anything I wish it' would go to mah feet 'case mah dogs still hu't f'm walkin' back to town de othah day.

*Man.* Come on ovah heah—it's jes' right ovah heah to de secon' table heah.

*Sam.* Come on Henry—I'se right t'night.

*Henry.* If you ain't careful now, you gonna be right broke.

*Man.* I'll introduce you to de Jewels o' de Crown. Brothahs—dis heah is de two new candidates we jes' took in de othah night—dis heah is a—whut is yo' name?

*Sam.* Mah name's Sam Smith an' dis heah's Henry Johnson.

*Man.* Well, boys, de seven gent'men you see 'round de table heah is de officahs o' de lodge.

*Sam.* Well, brothahs, I feel purty right t'night—I see you got sev'al pair o' dice layin' out heah on de table, ain't you?

*Man.* Yeh—would you like to roll de bones?

*Sam.* Yeh—I feel like I'm right t'night—I'll roll de bones wid you. Which pair o' dice you



*Sam.—“Let’s take big drinks, Henry.”*

want me to shoot wid?

*Henry.* Dar you go—gonna mess up in a crap game now.

*Sam.* Take yo' time now Henry—don't tell me heah—I know what I'se doin'.

*Henry.* I b'lieve you ah' gittin' drunk.

*Sam.* Dis gin does make me feel purty good.

*Man.* Brothah Smith, whut you gonna shoot?

*Sam.* You know I jes' got a idea—I make you brothahs a prop'sition.

*Man.* Dat's whut we'se open fo'—dese prop'sitions.

*Sam.* I'se gittin' kind-a dizzy heah now, an' I gotta git out in de air. I tell you whut I do—yo' brothahs fade me heah an' I'll shoot dese bones fo' times an' win or lose I leabe—I walks right out de do'.

*Man.* W'y dat soun's reason'ble.

*Sam.* Now you brothahs understan' me—I gonna leabe aftah I shoot dese bones fo' times 'case I gotta git out in de air 'fore I git sick.

*Man.* I'se sho' dat is 'greeable to de brothahs 'roun' de table. How much you shoot?

*Sam.* I shoots five dollars—heah's a five dollah bill.

*Henry.* Wait a minute now—wait a minute.

*Sam.* Shet up Henry—don't tell me whut to do—I know whut I doin'. Somebody fade dat five dollah bill down dere.

*Man.* We'se got you—roll de bones.

*Sam.* Heah dey go now—git yo' han' off de table—dat's a nach'ral ain't it—dat's a five an' a two—I'se gittin' kinda dizzy but I kin still see de spots—now I shoots de ten dolla's.

*Henry.* Sam, is you goin' crazy?

*Sam.* Shet up Henry—don't you argue wid me

now—I'll bust one o' dese chairs ovah yo' haid—somebody catch de ten dolla's down dar.

*Man.* You is covered brothah—roll de bones out.

*Sam.* Heah I go—git yo' han's off de table. (*Rattle and roll.*) Dar's a feebie—I'se pullin' five—Uh—dat ain't no five, is it—Huh—dar's a five's big brothah—huh—dar's de feebie—how much money's on de board dar—twenty dollars ain't it?

*Henry.*—Whut's de matter wid yo' Sam—is yo' drunk?

*Sam.* Don't mess wid me Henry—lemme 'lone now—I knows whut I'se doin'—I shoots de twenty dollahs.

*Man.* Wait a minute—we'll catch yo'—we'll catch yo'.

*Sam.* Lay de money down dere—lay de money down dere—wait a minute, lemme git a drink o' dis heah gin.

*Man.* You is covahed now—you is covahed.

*Sam.* Heah I go—heah I go—watch 'em dis time—hit 'em once bones—dat's a fo' ain't it—

*Henry.* You kain't pull no little Joe—

*Sam.* Git 'way f'm me heah Henry—don't staht talkin' to me now—you git me mad heah in a minute—come on heah now little Joe—hit 'em—dat ain't one, is it? I fo'got to tell you brothahs—w'en I staht pullin' things I pulls 'em—Huh—dere's a ten—if dem two fives was jes' upside down I'd have 'em—come on now bones—talk to 'em—dere's anothah feebie ain' it—huh—hit 'em once dere fo' me bones—dere's de fo'—I knew I could pull it—now wait a minute—don' nobody mess wid none o' dat money dere—now's I'se gittin' kin'a dizzy brothahs.

*Henry.* You ain' gittin' it—you been dizzy.

*Sam.* Shet up dere Henry—'fo' I knock you in de nose.

*Henry.* Is you crazy?

*Sam.* Now you brothahs 'membah dat I tol' you I was gonna shoot dese bones fo' times an' den leave heah 'case I gotta git out in de air—I'se gittin' dizzy—but I'se plenty right. You understand dat I was to shoot 'em fo' times.

*Sam.* I done shot 'em three times an' dere's forty dollahs on de boahd—dere's three ten dollah bills an' two fives—I gonna show you brothahs a trick dat I done learnt in Bummin'ham—will somebody give me five ones fo' one o' dem five dollah bills?

*Man.* Heah you ah—heah's five ones.

*Sam.* Now dere's forty dollahs on de boahd, ain' it?

*Man.* Dat's right, dere's fo'ty dollahs down dere. You shoot de fo'ty?

*Sam.* No sir brothah, dat's de trick—I picks up dis heah thurty-nine dollahs an' puts dis thurty-nine dollahs in de shoe jes' like dis—I lets ev'ybody watch me do it—now I shoots de dollah.

*Henry.* Whut you tryin' to do?

*Sam.* Shet up Henry, now—don' open yo' mouf no mo'—I know whut I'se doin'—will one o' you brothahs catch de dollah?

*Man.* Shoot—I'll catch it.

*Sam.* Heah I go—huh—I'se pullin' a eight—huh—make up yo' min' bones—do one thing or de othah heah—huh—dem two aces should a' showed up de fust time but dey scaired o' me t'night—come on heah eight—huh—der's a seben—dat was de fo'th time now—when I gits a hunch, I gits a mean one—glad to have met all you brothahs and I hopes to see you again soon—dat ends de crap game fo' me—I gotta git out in de air—see you brothahs latah—come on heah Henry, let's go—I'se gittin' dizzy.



## The Mysterious Man Pays A Visit

*Last night Sam slept with his money in his shoes. Henry sewed his \$54.00 in his trousers pocket. The mysterious man paid them a visit during the night.*

*Sam.* Henry—you know whut time it is?

*Henry.* Whut you say?

*Sam.* It's eight o'clock, Henry.

*Henry.* Whut you wanna wake me up fo'? Jes' 'case you kain't sleep it's no sense to wake me up.

*Sam.* You know I gotta headache, Henry—I wondah whut gimme de headache.

*Henry.* You don't have to be no fortune tellah to fin' out whut give you de headache aftah you done drink 'bout a pint o' gin down at de lodge las' night.

*Sam.* Dawg-gone, I fo'got I was evah down dere. I hardly 'membahs anything 'bout it.

*Henry.* I come purty neah knockin' you in de haid a couple o' times down dere—den you would-a forgotten 'bout it. If you evah hollahs at me agin like you did las' night, you gonna wish you had nevah said nothin'.

*Sam.* Did I hollah at you, Henry? I don't 'membah' nothin' 'bout dat.

*Henry.* You tol' me to shet up an' tol' me dat you was gonna bus' a chair ovah my haid—dat come purty neah makin' me mad.

*Sam.* I'd like to have a drink o' watah—I sut-tinly is thirsty.

*Henry.* Dere's a pitchah ovah dere wid some washin' watah in it—dat watah's clean—go on an' drink it.

*Sam.* I b'lieve I will take a swallow o' dis heah watah—I'se burnin' up.

*Henry.* Dat's de fust time I evah seen you use any sense in a crap game. Dat's 'bout de fust time you evah done won any real money in yo' life.

*Sam.* Dawg-gone Henry—I done fo'got I evah won any money—I got some money some place, ain't I? How much did I win?

*Henry.* I don't know how much you win—you pit it all in yo' shoe—look in yo' shoe an' see how much you win.

*Sam.* Lemme see dis heah shoe—whar is de shoe? I kain't fin' de shoe—whar is it Henry—it ain't undah de bed.

*Henry.* Whut's dat stickin' out de pillow dere?

*Sam.* Dawg-gone dat is my shoe—I wondah how it get undah dere. I mus'-a had sense 'nuf to take care o' de money—look heah Henry—look at all dis heah money.

*Henry.* I think you made be brothahs mad las' night w'en you walked out on 'em. Dat third time you rolled de bones dere—you hit a lick fo' twenty dollahs, did you know dat?

*Sam.* I don't 'membah how much it was but I knowed it was a mess o' money out dere. Lemme count dis heah money. I got mo' money in my pants pocket, ain't I? I wondah whar my pants is.

*Henry.* You is jes' as crazy as you evah was—you got yo' pants on.

*Sam.* Dat's right—I mus'-a slep' wid 'em on all night. Look heah—I got six dollahs in mah pants pocket—Lemme count dis heah money in my shoe—um—um—dere's ten—twenty—thu'ty—thu'ty-five—thu'ty-six—thu'ty-seben—thu'ty-eight

—thu'ty-nine—um—um, and dis six dollahs in my pants—dat make—lemme see—dat make fo'ty-five dollahs—um—um—

*Henry.* I ain't nevah seen nobody as lucky as you was las' night.

*Sam.* I was lucky alright. Henry—you said I made de brothahs mad—whut I make 'em mad 'bout?

*Henry.* 'Case you won de money an' walked out.

*Sam.* I 'membahs dat now—I was gittin' a little dizzy—I had to git out. But I 'membahs I tol' 'em I wasn't goin' to shoot de dice but fo' times.

*Henry.* Yeh—de fo'th time yo' shot de dice you didn't shoot but fo' a dollah—dat whut made 'em mad.

*Sam.* I 'membahs dat too—I had a hunch.

*Henry.* Yeh—I gotta hunch dat de brothahs gonna throw you outta de lodge, actin' like dat.

*Sam.* Henry, I got fo'ty-five dollahs—let's lay off dis week.

*Henry.* How you 'spect to save any money layin' off—you ain't nevah gonnah have anything. I got fifty-fo' dollahs an' you don't heah me talkin' 'bout layin' off.

*Sam.* I goin' buy 'Liza sompin' wid dis heah money—I b'lieve I git her a bottle o' perfume an' some powdah. Whut is today, Henry?

*Henry.* Dis heah's Sunday.

*Sam.* I know dat but whut is de date?

*Henry.* Whut diff'rence does it make whut de date is—you'se wukkin' by de week.

*Sam.* Dat's right—dat's right. It's Febwary, though, I know dat—whut we wanna do Henry—do we wanna make some coffee heah or do we wanna go down to de cornah an' git some aigs?

*Henry.* De thing to do is to git outta heah an' eat

an' den le's look de town ovah—we done been heah a month now an' I don' know no mo' 'bout it now den I did befo' I got heah.

*Sam.* Let's git up den an' dress an' go down to de cornah an' eat a big breakfas', I'll pay fo' it Henry, 'cause I'se holdin' plenty jack today—um—um—I got fo'ty-five dollahs—I b'lieve I'll git married Henry.

*Henry.* Don't be so ig'nant now—don't be so ig'nant—I know you got fo'ty-five dollahs an' dat thing 'bout buyin' de breakfas' fo' both o' us is alright but you bettah wait 'till you git fo' hunnerd an' fifty dollahs 'fore you staht talkin' 'bout gittin' married.

*Sam.* Dat's right—I guess I had bettah wait a little while longah. Henry, ain't but one thing to do—dat's to come on—let's git up now. I'se already dressed—all I gotta do now is to wash my face an' han's an' put on my shoes. Den we can git some ham an' aigs.

*Henry.* Well, po' me some watah out in dat bowl ovah dere—I gonna wash.

*Sam.* Dat watah's col'—I wish we had some hot watah in de mohnin'.

*Henry.* Well, I gonna git up now—did you buy some soap?

*Sam.* No, I keep fo'gittin' dat soap—ev'y time I git neah a sto' I kain't think o' it—we ain't had no soap now fo' three days, is we?

*Henry.* We oughtta have some soap too 'case I kain't git dis dirt off'n me widout soap.

*Sam.* I b'lieve I'll git us some sweet smellin' soap.

*Henry.* Well, lemme git heah to dis heah watah now—I gonna wrench my face off anyway.

*Sam.* One thing 'bout not havin' no soap—it don' git in yo' eyes, do it?

*Henry.* How it gonna git in dere if you ain't got none?

*Sam.* You know Henry, I kin'a feel funny in my stomach. I wondah if anything's wrong wid me?

*Henry.* De thing to do tomorr's to go to see a doctah—dat's de thing to do. Whar is dat towel?

*Sam.* I don't know whar de towel is Henry—whar did we put it?

*Henry.* Don't argue wid me—don't argue wid me fin' de towel—fin' de towel.

*Sam.* Heah it is—you been cleanin' yo' shoes wid it, ain't you?

*Henry.* Dat's whar you wiped yo' neck off de othah night. Don' you 'membah w'en I tol' you if you looked real close, you could see dirt on yo' neck—an' you got de towel an' rub it 'roun' yo' neck once. Dat's whar dat dirt come f'm.

*Sam.* I guess we is bettah git some soap.

*Henry.* Whar's my pants?

*Sam.* Whut did you de wid yo' pants?

*Henry.* I though I laid 'em on dat chair.

*Sam.* Did you look on de baid? Day might be un'er de covahs.

*Henry.* Dey ain't un'er dere.

*Sam.* How much gin did you drink las' night—you might-a put 'em undah de baid—look un'er de baid.

*Henry.* Dey ain't un'er dere.

*Sam.* Did you have on de pants w'en you come home?

*Henry.* How you reckon I git home widout my pants—fin' de pants—fin' de pants.

*Sam.* I kain't fin' 'em. Whut did you do wid 'em, Henry?

*Henry.* I put 'em on dat chair dar—I'se gittin'

mad now—is you done mess wid my pants?

*Sam.* No—I ain't seen yo' pants Henry.

*Henry.* 'Fore I went to baid las' night I sewed fifty-fo' dollahs in de pants pocket—take dem coats down dere an' look up dar—see if my pants is up dere.

*Sam.* Dey ain't up heah. De room look mighty funny to me—whut's de matter wid de room?

*Henry.* Ain't nothin' funny 'bout dis heah room—if I don' fin' dese heah pants purty soon dere's gonna be sompin' funny though.

*Sam.* Look heah Henry—dat man dat rooms in heah wid us—he done taken his stuff an' gone. He done got his suit-case an' you 'membah dat ol' coat he had hangin' up heah on de do'h—dat's gone too.

*Henry.* Oh—oh. Dat's whar de pants is—dat man done stole my pants.

*Sam.* I bet he did steal 'em, sho' 'nuf.

*Henry.* Did dat man come in dis room las' night?

*Sam.* I don' 'membah seein' de man Henry, but he mus'-a come in heah 'case his stuff is gone.

*Henry.* Dat make me so made I don't know whut to do—dat man done stole my pants—dat's whut he done done.

*Sam.* I b'lieve he is done stole 'em—dey ain't heah. Whut you gonna do 'bout it Henry—w'y don' you tell de Jewels down at de lodge—tell de officahs 'bout him.

*Henry.* Whut de officahs gonna do 'bout it. De man done stole my pants wid de money in it—all de money I got too—had fifty-fo' dollahs sewed up in one pocket an' six bits in de othah pocket—if I could fin' dat man I'd cut his throat.

*Sam.* It's a good thing I slep' wid my pants on ain't it? Las' night was my lucky night.

*Henry.* You ain't messed wid dese pants, is you?



*Sam.* Henry, you know I ain't take none o' yo' money.

*Henry.* Look heah—de man done take my othah suit too—it was hangin' right up heah on dis hook.

*Sam.* Well, I be daw-goned, dat man mus' be a thief.

*Henry.* I tol' you dat man had a bad look in his eye, didn't I?

*Man.* Henry, you kain't even go out, kin you? Whut you gonna do?

*Henry.* Let's git hol' o' de lan'lohnd, dat's de thing to do.

*Sam.* De lan'lohnd tol' us yes'day dat he was goin' 'way fo' two days, don' you 'membah dat?

*Henry.* Well, I gotta git outta dis heah place.

*Sam.* How you gonna git out w'en you ain't got no pants?

*Henry.* Put on yo' hat an' coat an' go out an' git me some pants.

*Henry.* Whar I gonna git pants t'day Henry—t'day is Sunday—all de sto's is closed.

*Henry.* Keep lookin' till you git me some pants—I ain't nevah been so mad befo' in all my life.

*Sam.* Whar I gonna git de pants, though, Henry—I don't know whar to go—whut kin' o' pants you want—I don't know whar to git no pants.

*Henry.* Put on yo' hat now an' don't argue wid me—don't argue wid me—go out an' git me some pants—I gotta put 'em on to go out in de street.

*Sam.* Henry—w-w-whut size pants you wear?

*Henry.* Git de big size.

*Sam.* How much you want me to pay fo' 'em, Henry?

*Henry.* Don't pay ovah fo' dollahs fo' 'em but git some good pants now—ev'y time I think 'bout dat man dat's been livin' heah wid us I could kick

you in de haid—it's all yo' fault—you de one dat tol' de man it's alright fo' de man to come on in de room wid us.

*Sam.* Henry—I didn't know de man was a thief.

*Henry.* Don't argue wid me now—go on out an' git de pants—an' git back heah as quick as you kin.

*Sam.* Do it make any diff'ence whut colah pants I git?

*Henry.* No—git me some black pants—if you kain't git black git blue.

*Sam.* Alright Henry—I goin' now to git de pants.

*Henry.* An' one othah thing 'fore you go—if you happen to run 'cross dat man dat stole dem pants—dat brothah dat's been livin' in de room heah wid us—walk up to him an' cut his throat—an' if de policeman's say anything to you 'bout it, tell 'em I did it.



## The Quack Doctor

*Sam falls into the hands of a quack doctor and now we find the boys in the doctor's private office, Sam having \$30.00 in his pocket.*

*Sam.* I hope dis heah doctah does sompin' fo' me 'case I don't feel a bit good evah since I drunk dat gin. I eats alright an' I sleeps alright but my stomach bothahs me.

*Henry.* Heah comes de doctah now—tell de doctah ev'rything now so he know whut to do.

*Doctor.* Good evening—I believe you gentlemen are next. Do you both want to see me or just one of you?

*Sam.* I'se de one dat want to see you, doctah, but I want Henry to come wid me—'cause he knows whut's de mattah wid me mo' dan I do.

*Doctor.* Alright, just step into my office.

*Sam.* Come on, Henry.

*Henry.* Whut you limpin' 'bout—yo' feet ain't sick, is dey?

*Sam.* I got corns on my feet—seems like ev'y-thing's de mattah wid me.

*Doctor.* You gentlemen have a seat over here.

*Sam.* Yassah.

*Doctor.* What is your name? You see the law requires that all doctors must fill out a card so that a record can be kept as to the progress you make.

*Sam.* Dat's alright—dat's alright—my name is Sam Smith.

*Doctor.* Sam Smith—and where are you from Mr. Smith?

*Sam.* I'se f'm Bummin'ham.

*Doctor.* Do you live in Chicago now?

*Sam.* Yassah.

*Doctor.* What is your address here in Chicago?

*Sam.* Gen'ral Deliv'ry.

*Doctor.* No, no, I mean, where do you live here.

*Sam.* I live on South State Street—whut is de numbah, Henry?

*Henry.* I don' know de numbah—I know how we gits dere but I don' know de numbah.

*Doctor.* Well, the next time you go home you find out the number of the place you live.

*Sam.* Yassah doc, I do dat.

*Doctor.* Now, where do you work?

*Sam.* I wuks fo' de Montgomery Ward Comp'ny.

*Doctor.* You work for Montgomery Ward, do you?

*Sam.* Yassah, but we'se figurin' on gittin' a job at de stock yahds 'case it's closah to home.

*Doctor.* Do you make a good salary?

*Sam.* Yassah, doc, we makes purty good money out dere.

*Doctor.* Now, how old are you, Mr. Smith?

*Sam.* Henry, how ol' is I?

*Henry.* You know how ol' you is—you is——.

*Sam.* Dat's right—dat's right.

*Doctor.* Do you have any dependents?

*Sam.* I ain't got none now but I'se gonna have one.

*Doctor.* What do you mean, you're going to have one?

*Sam.* I'se gonna git married some day.

*Doctor.* Well, when a man gets married, he wants to be physically fit, ready to meet the hardships of life.

*Henry.* I been tellin' Sam dat dey gonna be hardah aftah he's married dan dey is now.

*Doctor.* Well, the first thing that I must do is to give you an examination and diagnose your case.

*Sam.* Whut you gonna do to de case?

*Doctor.* I'm going to diagnose your case—that is, I'm going to find out what the trouble is.

*Sam.* I know whut de trouble is—I got de stomachache—dat's whut de trouble is—I wants sompin' fo' it.

*Henry.* Don't argue wid de gent'man—don't argue wid de gent'man.

*Doctor.* First I'll ask you to take off your coats—take off your shirt and then strip down to the waist.

*Sam.* Yassah, I do dat—whut you gittin' ready to do, doc?

*Doctor.* I want to give you a thorough examination.

*Sam.* Henry, hol' dis heah coat.

*Henry.* Lay de coat ovah dere.

*Doctor.* Just go ahead and lay your clothes over there on that chair—that's alright. I'll prepare for the examination. I'll ring for my attendant.

*Sam.* Is two o' you gonna examine me?

*Doctor.* Oh no, I just want my attendant to prepare for the examination. Miss Brown, will you arrange the instruments for the examination please.

*Sam.* Dis heah 'examination ain't gonna be serious, is it?

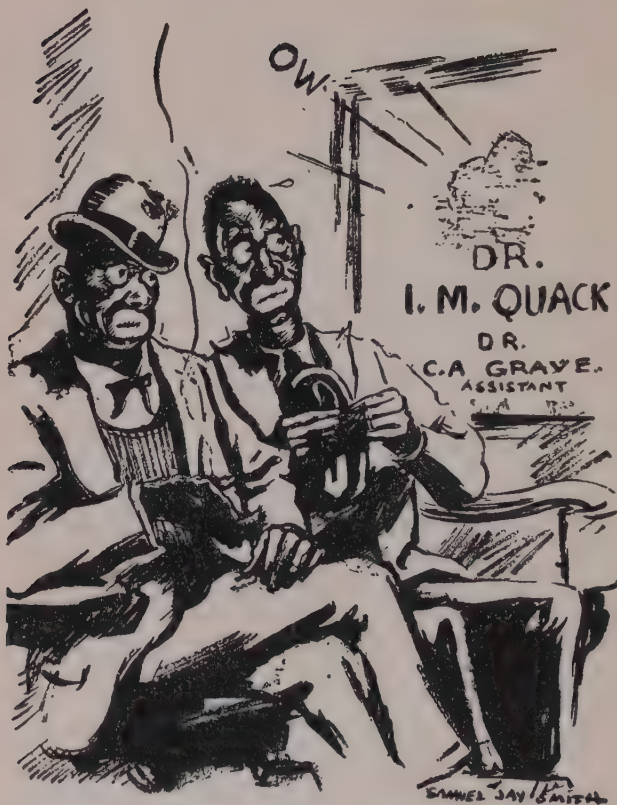
*Doctor.* Oh no, no—nothing painful—nothing painful.

*Sam.* Dat's alright den. Look heah Henry—I mus'-a lef' my underweah home t'day—I ain't got on no underweah.

*Henry.* I ain't nevah seed you wid none.

*Sam.* Yes it is—I got a suit somewhar—I kain't fin' it.

*Doctor.* Miss Brown, you can just lay the in-



Henry—"Tell the doctah everything now so he know what to do."



struments on the table there. Now Mr. Smith, I want to test your blood pressure. Let me put this on your arm.

*Sam.* Ain't gonna hu't, is it, doc?

*Doctor.* Oh no—oh no, but I want to get this reading because sometimes the blood pressure reacts on the entire system and it may be the cause of your stomach trouble.

*Sam.* Doctah, I jes' happened to think—I swallowed a diamon' down at de lodge de othah night w'en I was takin' de oath—do you reckon dat diamon' got anything to do wid dis heah stomach o' mine?

*Doctor.* How did you happen to swallow a diamond?

*Sam.* Dey put one on my tongue 'case we was goin' in a lodge called Jewels o' de Crown an' while I was repecatin' whut de man was sayin', I swallowed de diamon'.

*Doctor.* How large was the stone?

*Sam.* I didn't see it—I was blin'fol'ed but dey chahged me a quartah fo' it—couldn't been a ve'y big one.

*Doctor.* No, no, I don't think that will bother you. Now relax and be perfectly normal.

*Sam.* Whut you mean normal—want me to go to sleep?

*Henry.* Doctah, w'enevah you heah Sam ask questions like dat, you know he's normal.

*Doctor.* Uh huh, you have a high blood pressure. I must record that.

*Sam.* Is it very bad, doctah?

*Doctor.* It hasn't reached the acute stages but it must have treatment.

*Sam.* I suttinly is glad I come heah an' foun' dat out.

*Henry.* He might have gin in de blood—he's been drinkin' a lot o' gin.

*Doctor.* It might be necessary for you to go on a diet, and limit your exercise. Now, get on this table.

*Sam.* Doc, you ain't gonna operate on me now?

*Doctor.* No, no—No, no. I want to use one of these machines on your lungs to see if they are perfectly clear.

*Sam.* Whut you gonna do wid dat big machine, doc?

*Doctor.* That machine won't hurt you. Now lay perfectly flat and let me get this over your chest—that's it.

*Sam.* Don't let dat thing slip doc, don't let dat thing slip.

*Henry.* W'y don' you shet up an' let de doctah do whut he gonna do.

*Doctor.* Uh, *huh*, you have spots on your lungs.

*Sam.* Whut kin' o' spots is dey, doc?

*Doctor.* Well, it's hard to tell—it may be a little congestion—however, I will record that. Now I will X-ray your stomach.

*Sam.* Whut you mean, X-ray my stomach—you ain't gonna pump it out or nothin' is you?

*Doctor.* Oh no—I just want to complete this part of the examination. Hold perfectly still now. Uh *huh*, your stomach looks as though you had been eating nails.

*Henry.* Dat ain't no joke doctah, 'case if you put some peppah an' salt on 'em, he'll eat 'em.

*Doctor.* How long have you been bothered with this stomach trouble.

*Sam.* Evah since I drunk dat gin de othah night.

*Doctor.* I can see very clearly what you need. You may put on your clothes.

*Sam.* Yassah.

*Doctor.* You were very fortunate in coming to me when you did.

*Sam.* Yeh, I'se glad I got heah doctah 'case I knew dere was sompin' wrong wid me.

*Doctor.* Now you are in a very peculiar condition—your system is badly in need of medical attention. In order to avoid permanent sickness you should take our treatment.

*Sam.* Dat's whut I wanna do, doc, I don't wanna be sick.

*Doctor.* I can stop this stomach trouble for you and clear up those spots on you lungs and at the same time bring your blood pressure back to normal.

*Sam.* Dat's whut I wanna do doc—I wanna git all fixed up heah right now.

*Doctor.* You will have to make several visits to my office and I will make you a flat price for the treatment.

*Sam.* Tell me dis doc—is it gonna hu't?

*Doctor.* Oh no—with our different medicines and occasionally massaging of the stomach muscles I think we can bring you back to perfect health.

*Sam.* Dat soun's good. Henry—w'y don't you let de doctah look at you?

*Henry.* Ain't nothin' de mattah wid me.

*Doctor.* Now, I will make you a flat price on this treatment of fifty dollars.

*Sam.* Dat's mo' money dan I got right now, doctah.

*Doctor.* Well, how much can you pay down right now?

*Sam.* Lemme count my money heah. I ain't got but thu'ty dollahs to las' me all week.

*Doctor.* I'll tell you what I'll do. You give

me a deposit now of fifteen dollars. I'll credit you with that amount. Then you can pay me the balance as we go along. We can arrange to have you pay five dollars each time you come to my office, unless you find you are able to pay more.

*Sam.* Dat's alright, heah's de fifteen doctah.

*Doctor.* Now I'll credit you with this fifteen dollars.

*Sam.* Thank you doc—I'se glad youah gonna do dat 'case I couldn't pay it all down.

*Doctor.* Now we'll get busy on the case. The first thing to do is to eliminate gin.

*Sam.* How do you 'liminate it?

*Doctor.* I mean by that—you must stop drinking.

*Henry.* Dat's a good thing fo' him too, doctah.

*Doctor.* Now then, in addition to that, I have a bottle of medicine here that you must take after every meal. Take one table-spoon full after each meal. Now the drug stores do not sell this because it is imported and I let my patients have it for the same thing I pay for it. This bottle will cost you three dollars.

*Sam.* Dey ain't much medicine in dat little bottle, is dey?

*Doctor.* No, but this will last you until Friday and I want you to come up here again Friday night.

*Sam.* Heah's de three dollahs, doctah—has you got change fo' five.

*Doctor.* Yes, here you are, there's the two dollars. You can put that right in your coat pocket. Now, be very careful between now and Friday. Don't eat a lot of greasy food—drink plenty of milk—and before you go to bed each night drink

a big glass of water and I'm sure that I can have you feeling like a new man after a few visits.

*Sam.* I'll do dat doctah—I'se gonna take cah o' mahse'f now.

*Doctor.* Now you come up again Friday—Friday night, say at eight o'clock.

*Sam.* Yassah doc, I'll be up at dat time.

*Doctor.* Now, I've made you a very low price on this treatment—therefore keep this confidential and do not tell a soul.

*Sam.* No sah, doctah, I ain't gonna say nothin' 'bout it—come on heah Henry, we goin' now.

*Doctor.* I'll see you Friday night.

*Sam.* Yassah see you den—go'bye doctah.

*Henry.* Go'bye doctah.

*Sam.* I'se glad I come up heah 'case dere's a man whut knows whut he's doin'.

*Henry.* Kin'-a 'spensive to go up dere if you paid him fifteen dollahs fo' de fust visit—den you gonna pay him five dollahs fo' de othah visits an' he said five dollahs was alright 'less'n you feel like payin' mo'.

*Sam.* Dat's 'case I'se takin' de treatment. You kin tell dat's a big doctah though 'case he's got dat place up dere full o' tools an' he wouldn't have dat place up dere full o' tools if he wasn't no good.

*Henry.* Yeh—but w'en I walked in de office dere, I looked ovah in one o' dem show-cases an' all dem tools had dust on 'em a inch thick.

*Sam.* De man might be so good dat he don' have to use his tools. Dat's w'y dey get dust on 'em.

*Henry.* Uh huh—I bet his bank book ain't got no dust on it.

## Looking Over the List of Shows

*Henry is more or less suspicious of every one and is sleeping with one eye open. The boys go to their room and talk over the possibilities of getting work at the stock yards.*

*Sam.* Henry—dis heah medicine dat de doctah give me suttinly is bittah.

*Henry.* You didn't 'spect de doctah to give you no maple sugah, did you? How is you feelin' since you been takin' dat medicine?

*Sam.* I feel alright now. De on'y thing—you know I—de doctah tol' me dat I had spots on my lungs and w'en he looked at dat thermom'tah, he tol' me my blood pressuh was way up.

*Henry.* Yes—I b'lieve de doctah said you had fifty dollahs wuth of blood pressuh.

*Sam.* De doctah tol' me not to eat any greasy food—dat's funny, he don't want me to eat nothin' greasy—dat cuts out ham and bacon—dat cuts out all kin's o' meats, don't it?

*Henry.* Yeh—'bout de only thing you kin eat now is some cohn-flakes widout any milk on 'em

*Sam.* Henry, I wondah if dat policeman evah did fin' dat man dat stole yo' pants.

*Henry.* Dat policeman ain't gonna look fo' him. He to' me to repo't it to de depahtment—dat man done got my fifty-fo' dollahs an' gone. You has all de good luck though—I'se de one dat gits de bad news.

*Sam.* Dat suttinly was a shame Henry. Jes' lucky dat I slept wid my pants on, ain't it?

*Henry.* Yeh—an' I don't know how you evah come to put yo' shoe un'er yo' pillow wid de res' o' yo' money in it.



*Sam.* Dat's 'case I didn't know whut I was doin'.

*Henry.* Yeh—w'en you tol' me up at de lodge hall dat you was gonna bus' a chaih avoh my haid, you didn' know whut you was doin' den neithah.

*Sam.* I mus'-a been feelin' purty good dat night.

*Henry.* If you hadn't been feelin' dat way, yo'd a nevah hit 'em fo' thu'ty-fo' dollahs wid de bones.

*Sam.* Henry I ain't got much money lef'—I ain't got but ten dollahs lef'—but you owe me ten dollahs—dat make twenty dollahs.

*Henry.* I liable jes' give you half o' dat Sat'day an' give you half de nex' Sat'dy.

*Sam.* You know Henry, dat 'minds me—we run into de Precious Diamon' you know, out in front t'night—he said he'd take us down to de stock yahds if we wanted to go to wuk down dere in his automobil'.

*Henry.* De on'y thing 'bout de stock yahds, we don't know 'nuf 'bout stock.

*Sam.* He tol' us dat dey'd learn us all 'bout it down dere.

*Henry.* De thing fo' us to do den is to lay off one day an' go down dere wid him.

*Sam.* I'se wid you dere, any day you say Henry—'case dat would be closah to home.

*Henry.* Let's look at dat papah ovah dere an' see if we kain't go to some show t'night—we might 's well spen' a few cents an' see sompin' while we'se in Chicago.

*Sam.* Whut page is de theatres on dere?

*Henry.* Wait a minute heah—lemme look. Heah it is—right heah.

*Sam.* Whut show's in town now, Henry?

*Henry.* Well, heah's a show called "Pigs".

*Sam.* If we gonna wuk at de stock yahds, dat might be a good show to see. Whut it say 'bout it?

*Henry.* It say-a—you'll laugh too much—"So's yo' ol' man—Co't."

*Sam.* Whut was dat las' word?

*Henry.* It say C-O-R-T—Co't—to'night. Say John Golden's famous hit "Pigs".

*Sam.* Who hit de pigs?

*Henry.* Shet up—don't talk—jes' listen—jes' listen.

*Sam.* Whut is de price?

*Henry.* De price is fifty cents to three dollahs an' thu'ty cents. Dat en's de pigs—we can see 'em in de stock yahds cheapah dan dat. Heah's one called "Ben Hur"—de only thing, dey done spell "her" wrong.

*Sam.* Dat's whut dey call a mis-print in de papah, ain't it.

*Henry.* Yeh—dat ought to be spelled B-E-N—H-E-R—Ben Hur.

*Sam.* Whut it say 'bout it—whut it say 'bout it?

*Henry.* It say "de worl's greatest show"—at de Woods.

*Sam.* Mighty col' to be outside, ain't it Henry?

*Henry.* Dey probably got canvas ovah it though an' got it heated up inside. Heah's one.

*Sam.* Read it out loud Henry—whut is it?

*Henry.* Heah's 'nothah' one says "de worl's greatest show"—de Miracle.

*Sam.* Whut is de Miracle? You know 'Liza tol' me once sompin' bout de miracle.

*Henry.* Whut did 'Liza tell you 'bout de miracle?

*Sam.* I loaned her brothah two dollahs once—she tol' me if I evah got it back—dat would be a miracle.

*Henry.* Dis ain't dat kin'a miracle though—it sàys heah “comp'ny o' 600 people.”

*Sam.* Dat mus' be a movin' pitchah, ain't it?

*Henry.* Dis ain't no movin' pitchah—I heahd de boss talkin' 'bout it t'day at Montgomery Ward—dat miracle's gonna cos' too much fo' you I think.

*Sam.* Whut's dat I see dere?

*Henry.* Dis right heah?

*Sam.* Yeh—read whut dat say.

*Henry.* Dat say “De Big Parade.”

*Sam.* Now yo'ah talkin'—I allus did like parades. I used to walk 'long wid 'em. Whut time do dis one staht?

*Henry.* It stahts f'm de Garrick Theatre—says heah twice daily—2:30 an' 8:30 P. M.

*Sam.* Le's lay off tomorr' an' see it. Dey us'ally have a purty big ban' wid 'em, don' dey—dat's whut I likes.

*Henry.* Ain't no use to lay off now—wait a minute. Let's look ovah at some o' dese othahs. Heah's a lot o' movin' pitchah shows. Heah's one called “Paul Ash”.

*Sam.* Whut else do it say 'bout Paul Ash?

*Henry.* It say heah—“An' his merry mad gang in Florida.”

*Sam.* Dat en's dat—we ain't goin' out o' town to see any o' dese shows—ev'ybody's goin' to Florida, ain't dey?

*Henry.* Florida mus' be a big city 'case dey ad-

vertise in de Chicago papahs—Florida's two or three hunnerd miles f'm heah.

*Sam.* Any cow-boy shows in dar?

*Henry.* Lemme look ovah dis papah an' see if I kin fin' if Tom Mix is playin' anywhars.

*Sam.* See if you see anything in dar 'bout Bill Haht—dat man wheels a mean gun—I likes him.

*Henry.* He ain't no bettah dan Tom Mix.

*Sam.* Yes he is, Henry.

*Henry.* He kain't ride no hoss like Tom Mix.

*Sam.* Yes, he kin too—dat man's a hoss ridin' monkey—not on'y dat, he shoots straightah dan Tom Mix. I seen him shoot a man once widout even lookin' at him.

*Henry.* Don't argue wid me now—don't argue wid me. Heah's Tom Mix heah.

*Sam.* Whut's de name o' de pitchah he's playin' in?

*Henry.* He's playin' in de Yankee S-E-N-O-R.

*Sam.* Whar is de pitchah at—whut is de name o' de theatre?

*Henry.* Jes' says heah Monroe.

*Sam.* Whar is de Monroe?

*Henry.* Monroe at Deahbohn.

*Sam.* Well, cut that out an' les' go. You bettah git de name o' 'nothah one in case we kain't git in dat one.

*Henry.* Heah's one called de Meltin' Pot wid Marion Davis.

*Sam.* Dat mus' be 'bout cannibals, ain't it? I like wil' pitchahs. Whar is dat playin'?

*Henry.* Dat's at de Uptown Theatre.

*Sam.* We gotta go uptown anyway, to git to de Monroe. An' in case de Monroe is crowded, we kin walk on up to de Uptown theatre.

*Henry.* Come on den—git yo' hat.

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*Sam.* You got de names o' de theatres now?

*Henry.* You bettah len' me 'bout two mo' dollahs.

*Sam.* I tell you whut I do—I'll len' you a dollah—den I'll pay fo' de tickets at de show—I'll set 'em up.

*Henry.* Dat's alright.

*Sam.* Henry, I hope it ain't far f'm de Monroe theatre to de Uptown theatre 'case mah feet hu't.

*Henry.* Feet or no feet—if we kain't git in de Monroe theatre, you gonna walk to de Uptown theatre.

*Sam.* Come on Henry—let's go.



## Sam Gets A Letter from Liza

*Sam stopped at the post office enroute home from work and received a letter from Liza. Now we find them just reaching their room.*

*Sam.* I suttinly is glad to git home Henry—mah feet is still givin' me a lot o' trouble.

*Henry.* You stood on mine paht o' de way home on dat street cah.

*Sam.* How come de street cahs is so crowded in Chicago, Henry. Ev'y time you turn 'roun' it's a street cah—but dey allus crowded.

*Henry.* Dat's on 'count o' de people gittin' home f'm wuk. I see you done bought some Castile soap.

*Sam.* Yeh—dere's plenty soap heah now, Henry. Evah since dat man don stole yo' pants, I'se gittin' so I'se 'fraid to leave anything out 'roun' heah—I thought I put dat soap 'way dis mohnin, 'fore I lef'.

*Henry.* did you tell de lan'lohd 'bout puttin' a lock on dis heah do'?

*Sam.* Yeh—he put one on heah las' night—heah 'tis—see dis heah bolt right heah?

*Henry.* Whut good is a bolt on de do'—you kain't lock dat f'm de outside.

*Sam.* W'en we is outside we got all ouh clothes wid us so dey ain't nothin' to worry 'bout. When de man stole yo' pants, he stole 'em while you was in baid, and if dey gonna steal any mo' clothes, dey suttinly do have to steal 'em while we got 'em off.

*Henry.* Did you git a price on dat big wash tub?

*Sam.* Yeh—de man got a good one down on de cornah fo' \$1.75.

*Henry.* Let's git dat thing by Sat'day 'case I wanna take a bath—I wanna sit down in it.



*Sam.* W'y don' you do like I do Henry—stan' on a piece o' papah an' wash out de pitchah?

*Henry.* How yo' gonna git clean doin' like dat? You gotta sit down in de watah if you gonna git clean.

*Sam.* Dat might be right Henry 'case a man tol' me t'day out at de place dat if I'd wash my feet mo' dey wouldn't bothah me so much.

*Henry.* De thing you wanna do is to git some cohn medicine.

*Sam.* I done put salve all ovah mah feet—de las' time I put dat salve on my feet I couldn't git mah sock off.

*Henry.* Whar do you hide dat towel at w'en you finish wid it?

*Sam.* Heah it is.

*Henry.* I ain't gonna tell you no mo' now to wash dat towel.

*Sam.* De lan'lord done promised us to furnish us de linen. He ain't give us but two towels since we been heah.

*Henry.* An' he ain't got but one sheet on de bed eithah.

*Sam.* Dawg-gone Henry, I done forget to read dat lettah f'm 'Liza—whut did I do wid it?

*Henry.* Yo'se crazy 'nuf to eat it—look in yo' coat pocket.

*Sam.* Heah 'tis—heah 'tis—I'se anxious to see it 'case she done received de valentine an' 'dis is tellin' us 'bout it.

*Henry.* How do she staht it out?

*Sam.* Wait a minute heah Henry—wait a minute now—sompin' wrong heah. I mus' got hol' de sec-on' page.

*Henry.* Don't argue wid me—don't argue wid

me—how does she staht de lettah out—she still call you sweetheart?

*Sam.* Somthin's de mattah heah Henry—she don't call me nothin'. Soun's like she might be mad—read dis heah thing to me Henry.

*Henry.* Wait 'till I wipe mah hands on dis heah towel.

*Sam.* I suttinly hope she ain't mad.

*Henry.* Han' me de letter—han' me de letter.

*Sam.* Whut do it say now Henry—read it out plain.

*Henry.* Sit down dar now an' I'll tell you whut it say.

*Sam.* Let's light one o' dese heah cigarettes de man give us.

*Henry.* Dese is good-lookin' cigarettes too, ain't dey.

*Sam.* Heah's a match.

*Henry.* Dese is good cigarettes, ain't dey.

*Sam.* Read de lettah Henry—read de lettah—I'm worried 'bout de lettah.

*Henry.* Heah 'tis—she don't call yo' nothin' when she stahts out—you know dat.

*Sam.* I notice she didn't call me nothin'.

*Henry.* Sometimes it's best w'en dey don't call yo' whut dey thinkin'.

*Sam.* Read whut it say Henry—read de lettah.

*Henry.* It say "Received yo' lettah dis mornin' wid de feathers stuck on dat piece o' papah dat you called a valentine—jes' 'case you is up in Chicago you don't have to think dat yo's so smart. Now I know whut you doin'—you is messin' 'round wid gals up dar—"

*Sam.* Whut's dat—whut's dat she say?

*Henry.* She say you is messin' 'round wid gals

up heah—"an' if dat's de way you feels 'bout me, nevah write to me again."

*Sam.* Whut else she say?

*Henry.* Wait a minute now—wait a minute—take yo' time. She makes a "G" jes' like she makes a "H"—her han'-writin' is bad.

*Sam.* Read on dar, Henry.

*Henry.* De next line say "I tol' you w'en you lef' heah wid dat good-for-nothin' Henry—oh, oh, did she tell you dat?

*Sam.* Henry, read de lettah dar—don't you pay no 'tention to it—read de lettah to me.

*Henry.* Whut did she tell you 'bout me?

*Sam.* I don't 'membah whut she said—read de lettah Henry.

*Henry.* "I tol' you w'en you lef' heah wid dat good-for-nothin' Henry dat he was gonna git you in a lot o' trouble wid de women folks up in Chicago an' dat's jes' whut yo'ah doin'—you is messin' 'roun' wid some gal an' if you think dat you kin sen' me nasty valentines, yo' done made a mistake." Dat don't look like yo' han'-writin' an' I wouldn't be s'prised if yo' Chicago girl didn't write dose crazy words. I know you was drunk w'en you sent it 'case you got mo' sense dan to sen' me anything like dat."

*Sam.* Henry, sompin' is wrong heah—we must-a sent her de wrong valentine heah, didn't we? Read whut else it say dar.

*Henry.* "If you is in love wid some Chicago gal I'se through wid you fo'evah—I was gonna send you back de pearls you give me but de mail-man tol' me dat dey wasn't wuth sendin' so you can git 'em w'en you come back. You is treated me dirty and I blames it all on dat drunken frien' of yo's—

Henry. I don't wanna nevah see you again, an' I hopes you is de same—'Liza.'

Sam. Henry, whut in de worl' is de mattah—I'se goin' to Bummin'ham.

Henry. Shet up now.

Sam. Henry, you gonna 'cause me to lose 'Liza heah now—whut did we say in dat valentine dat made her so mad?

Henry. We ain't said nothin'—'Liza's tired o' you—she done foun' herse'f another man down in Bummin'ham, dat's all.

Sam. No, dat ain't it Henry—dat ain't it—'Liza ain't dat kin'a girl—I know her—I done knowed her fo' fo' yea's now.

Henry. Now ca'm down—ca'm down.

Sam. Ain't no ca'min' down Henry—I don't wanna lose 'Liza—I wanna marry dat girl.

Henry. I'se gonna hit you ovah de haid wid a stick in a minute now.

Sam. Henry, I'se in love wid dat girl—I loves her—you ain't nevah been in love—you don't know how it feels—I lay in bed an' I think 'bout her—I kain't go to sleep 'case I'se thinkin' 'bout her.

Henry. Yeh—and you kaint wake up in de mornin' fo' de same reason.

Sam. Henry, whut I goin' do 'bout it—I done got mahse'f in a mess heah now—you done got me in dis heah mess—you gotta git me out.

Henry. Well, I'll git you outta dis heah mess.

Sam. Do sompin' fo' me Henry, 'case I don't want dat girl to git mad wid me like she is—one o' dem boys down dar'll marry her de fust thing I know—den I won't have no mo' 'Liza.

Henry. Now listen—you know I got plenty o' sense, don't you?

*Sam.* Yes—I know you got plenty sense but I wanna do—I wanna git some sense and git outta dis heah thing.

*Henry.* Now listen—wait a minute—listen to me—sit back down in de chair—it ain't no use to git all up in de air 'bout it. I know jes' whut to do.

*Sam.* Well whut is it—whut is it—dat's what I wanna know—what is it?

*Henry.* Do you 'membah whut yo' granny used to say w'en you bu'ned yo' fingah—w'en you bu'n it, den you wanna put some mo' fiah right next to de fingah to take de sting out o' it.

*Sam.* Whut's bu'nin' mah fingah got to do wid 'Liza—dat's whut I wanna know?

*Henry.* Dat's jes' whut I'se goin' tell yo'—now de thing to do is to show her dat you is independent—and let her know dat she kaint mistreat you.

*Sam.* I don't wanna make her any madder'n she is now Henry.

*Henry.* Now listen—I gonna tell you jes' whut to do—you wanna write her jes' de kin' o' lettah she done writ you—dat valentine yo' done sent her was alright 'case I made it mase'f an' she thinks dat she can trifle on you an' den write you a mean lettah an' git away wid it.

*Sam.* I don't wanna make her mad Henry—whut I wanna do is to git her pleased—I wanna ask her to marry me soon.

*Henry.* Ain't but one way to do dat and dat's to write her dis heah hot lettah. Let her know whq wears de pants. Let her know who's de boss—an' w'en she gits de lettah she'll know dat you is a big man an' dat lettah will make her want-a marry you dat much mo'.

*Sam.* Henry, is you sho' yo'ah right?

*Henry.* I done had girls evah since I was a little boy—I knows how to han'le 'em—now, de thing to do is to write her de meanest lettah you know how, an' tell her if she don't like it to lump it, an' dat'll wake her up.

*Sam.* Henry, you sho' yo' know whut yo'ah doin' now?

*Henry.* Leave it to me—han' me a pencil an' a piece o' papah.

*Sam.* Heah it is Henry—I suttinly is glad you'ah heah 'case I wouldn't know whut to do if it wasn't fo' you—Henry, you is got plenty o' sense, ain't you?

*Henry.* Now I'se gonna write dis lettah fo' you an' I'se gonna staht it out like dis—"Dear Madam."





## At the Doctor's Again

*Sam goes back to the doctor's office, trying to bring his blood pressure back to normal and get the spots off from his lungs.*

*Sam.* Whut time is it Henry—I wondah if we is late?

*Henry.* It's jes' 8 o'clock now.

*Sam.* I wondah whar de doctah is?

*Henry.* Dar's a sign dar says—"doctah is in—please be seated," so sit down.

*Sam.* Henry, I feel alright now—de on'ey thing is I got dese spots on mah lungs an' my blood pressuh's high—if it wasn't fo' dat, I think I'd be alright.

*Henry.* Heah come de doctah now.

*Doc.* Good evening gentlemen. Step right in.

*Sam.* Doc, kin Henry come in agin wid me?

*Doc.* Yes, if you want him, why—bring him along.

*Sam.* Come on heah Henry—come on in heah wid me.

*Henry.* I don't see no sense o' me comin' down heah to de doctah's wid yo'.

*Sam.* Yes it is too Henry—I want you heah wid me.

*Doc.* Well, have a seat gentlemen, have a seat. How have you been feeling, Mr. Smith?

*Sam.* Doctah, I feels alright now. Mah stomach don't bothah me no mo'—

*Doc.* Well, that sounds pretty good.

*Sam.* I done cut out all de greasy food like you told me. I ain't eat no meat since Tuesday—t'night fo' suppah I didn't eat nothin' but a little plate o' sauah-kraut.

*Doc.* Then your stomach doesn't bother you, eh?

*Sam.* No sah, de stomach's alright now, I think, doctah. Whut I wanna do is to git dem spots off'n mah lungs an' git dis blood pressuh back down.

*Doc.* Yes, that's very important.

*Sam.* Henry kin tell you dat I been gittin' a lot o' rest. Dat ought to help de blood pressuh.

*Henry.* Ev'y time he gits a lettah f'm 'Liza, his blood pressuh goes up 'bout fifty points.

*Doc.* Since your visit here Tuesday night, I have spent considerable time analyzing your case. And I am very anxious to give you the proper treatment before it is too late. Have you been taking the medicine?

*Sam.* Yessah, Doc, I been takin' it, but it's all gone now.

*Doc.* Well, that's helped your stomach quite a bit.

*Henry.* I don't know if Sam want me to tell yo' dis or not—but de othah night he rubbed some on his stomach too.

*Doc.* Well, that wont hurt—this medicine that I sell you here is imported and it is really good for anything but you will get more satisfaction out of taking it after each meal internally.

*Sam.* You mean—put it in yo' mouth, don't you, doc?

*Doc.* That's it. Now, I'm going to give you a combination osteopathic and chiropractic treatment.

*Sam.* Whut's dat doctah, whut's dat?

*Henry.* Don't make no diff'rence whut it is, yo' gonna git it.

*Doc.* Now I'll ask you to take your coat and trousers off.

*Sam.* Yassah—yassah—I'll take 'em right off, doc.

*Doc.* You better take your shoes off too. By the way, I presume you are ready to make another payment on the treatment.

*Sam.* Yassah doctah, I kin make a little payment heah.

*Doc.* Do you think you could pay ten dollars this time.

*Sam.* Nosah, doc, I ain't got dat much now. I kin give you de five dollahs though dat we talked 'bout de last time.

*Doc.* That will be alright.

*Sam.* Henry, hand me back my pants heah.

*Henry.* Heah dey is—heah dey is.

*Sam.* Heah you is doc—heah's de five dollahs.

*Doc.* Alright, I will credit you with that amount—that leaves a balance of thirty dollars. Your name is Sam Smith, isn't it?

*Sam.* Yassah, dat's it.

*Doc.* Here's your card right here—I'll credit you with this five dollars.

*Henry.* Take off yo' shoes—take off yo' shoes.

*Sam.* Gimme time heah Henry—I'm gittin' 'em off as fas' as I can.

*Doc.* Alright—now, get up on the table. You don't want this head rest on there so I'll take that off.

*Sam.* Doc, you know it's one thing 'bout dis heah office dat's kind-a scary.

*Doc.* What's that?

*Sam.* Dat's all dese heah tools 'round heah in de show-cases.

*Doc.* I think I'm going to fix you up without using any of those.

*Sam.* Dat's jes' fine doctah—dat's de bes' thing you done said yit.

*Doc.* Now turn over on your stomach. I'm

going to see if your vertebra can't be adjusted.

*Sam.* Whut you gonna 'just, doctah—mah whut?

*Doc.* I'm going to adjust your spine. Now hold still—let me feel your spine.

*Sam.* Dat kin'-a tickles, doc.

*Henry.* De reason it tickles is 'case he's jes' feelin' it now—wait till he stahts 'justin' it.

*Doc.* Ah—*ha*—something's wrong here—I'll have to knock that back in place.

*Sam.* Wait a minute doc—wait a minute.

*Doc.* Relax now.

*Sam.* Don't you break dat spine now doctah—be careful, will you?

*Doc.* I'll see if I can't knock that back in place.

*Sam.* (*Doctor beating on spine with first.*) Wait a minute heah doctah—wait a minute heah—dat hu'ts doctah—wait a minute heah.

*Henry.* Don't argue wid de gent'man—don't argue wid de gent'man.

*Doc.* Now I think that will be alright.

*Sam.* Doctah, you ain't broke de thing, is you?

*Doc.* Oh no, now turn over on your back. Now I'm going to ask your friend here to give me a hand.

*Henry.* Yassah, doctah, I'll be glad to do dat.

*Doc.* Now while he's on his back I want you to get on that side of the table and take hold of one leg and I will take hold of his other leg over here. When I bring my leg up, you bring your leg down, as if he were running.

*Sam.* W'y not lemme git up an' run.

*Henry.* W'y don't you shet up—de doctah knows whut we'se doin'.

*Doc.* This will do you good.

*Sam.* Yeh—but Henry's so strong, he's li'ble to pull my laig off—don't ben' it too much now Henry.

*Doc.* Now I'll bring his right leg up—

*Sam.* Wait a minute doc—don't bring it up so high—dat hurts.

*Doc.* Now when I bring his right leg down, you bring his left leg up, and we want to keep this up and gradually get faster.

*Henry.* Doctah, don't you think we bettah put some weight or sompin' on his haid to hol' it down—yo' ain't got no straps dat we kin put roun' his haid to hol' his haid down, is you?

*Doc.* No, I want his body to be in a natural position.

*Sam.* 'Tain't no use strappin' mah haid down doctah.

*Doc.* Alright now, we'll start. Now bring your leg up as I'm bringing mine down—here we go.

*Henry.* I got you doc—I got you—I'll watch you.

*Sam.* Somebody watch me.

*Doc.* Now here we go—down—up—down—up—down—up—down—up—

*Sam.* Wait a minute heah doctah—stop dese laigs f'm runnin' like dat. Mah goodness, doctah, you done broke de laigs ain't you?

*Henry.* W'y don't you shet up an' lay still—we was jes' goin' good dat time, wasn't we, doctah?

*Doc.* Yes—and that's quite a strénuous treatment on the doctor.

*Sam.* Dat's kin'-a hard on me too doctah—I ain't nevah had nothin' to hu't like dat. My laigs ache—now I got de haidache. Doc, kin I git up now?

*Doc.* No, I want to massage your stomach.

*Sam.* Doc, I don't feel like doin' any mo' now—I ache all ovah now.

*Henry.* If he'd a been down on de groun' den wid dem laigs w'en we was movin' 'em like dat, he would be de fastest runnah in de worl'.

*Sam.* Doc—lemme git up f'm heah, will yo'?

*Doc.* Well, I'll tell you what I'll do—'Ill save your stomach massage for the next treatment—you may get up now and put on your clothes, and I'll give you another appointment one week from today—that's next Friday night.

*Sam.* Yassah doctah, I suttinly is glad you done dat.

*Henry.* I ain't nevah seen nobody complain like you is 'bout nothin'.

*Sam.* You ain't nevah had yo' laigs goin' as fas' as mine was goin' a minute ago eithah—one time dey was goin' so fas' you and de doctah jes' picked me right up off'n de table—I wasn't even layin' on de table. An' den w'en you'd bring mah lef' laig, you'd bring it up so hard dat my haid would hit de table—plunk—dat's wh't gimme de haid-ache.

*Doc.* You will find these treatments very good and, by the way, I want you to take a bottle of imported liniment and this will be much cheaper than the other medicine—this is only two dollars.

*Sam.* Whut I gonna do wid de liniment, doctah?

*Doc.* I want you to get your friend here to rub it into your back just as hard as he can.

*Henry.* I kin do dat too, doctah.

*Sam.* Kin he put it on wid a sponge?

*Doc.* No, no, I want him to use both hands. Now wait a minute, I'll go in the other room and get a bottle of liniment.



*Sam.* Henry, it costs a lot o' money to come up heah to dis heah place, don't it? All de medicine you take, he sell it to you hisself.

*Henry.* De fust thing you know, he's gonna sta't selling you drinkin' an' den you is gonna be broke.











